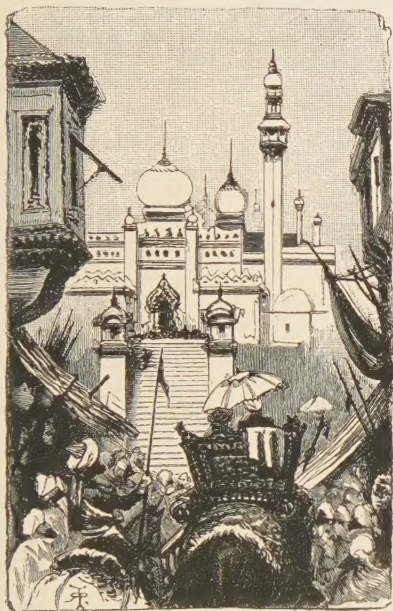


Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1900.

INDIA IN FAMINE TIME.



TYPICAL MOSQUE, INDIA.

The most recent and most vivid account of Britain's great Indian dependency is that by the late lamented G. W. Stevens, the famous war correspondent, who died at Ladysmith in January. He had recently made a comprehensive tour through India, whose varied characteristics he sketches in his own graphic style. He thus describes his landing at the plague-smitten port of Bombay:

The first sight of India is amazing, entrancing, stupefying. Different beasts and birds in the street, different clothes to wear,

different meal-times, and different food—the very commonest things are altered. You begin a new life in a new world. You pin your eyes to the little fawn-coloured, satin-skinned, humped oxen in the carts, to the blue crows that dance and spar in the gutters.

When things begin to come sorted and sifted, Bombay reveals itself as a city of monstrous contrasts. Along the sea-front one splendid public building follows another—variegated stone facades with arch and colonnade, cupola and pinnacle and statuary. At their feet huddle flimsy huts of matting, thatched with leaves, which a day's rain would reduce to mud and pulp. You sit in a marble-paved club, vast and airy as a Roman atrium, and look out over gardens of heavy red and violet flowers towards choking alleys where half-naked idolaters herd by families together in open-fronted rooms, and filth runs down gullies to fester in the sunken street.

In the drive from the Apollo Bunder to Malabar Point, all India is unfolded in one panorama. First the business houses and the great buildings—those the richest, these the stateliest in India, and challenging comparison with almost any city in the world. A proud and comely city, you say, the Briton feels himself a greater man for his first sight of Bombay.

Cross but one street and you are



BOMBAY HARBOUR.

plunged in the native town. In your nostrils is the smell of the East, dear and never to be forgotten: rapturously you snuff that blending of incense and spices and garlic, and sugar and goats. The jutting houses close in over you. The decoration of Bombay henceforth is its people. The windows are frames for women, the streets become wedges of men. Only the shabbiness of the dust and dirty plaster relieves the gorgeousness of one of the most astounding collections of human animals in the world. Forty languages, it is said, are habitually spoken in its bazaars. Then every race has its own costume; so that the streets of Bombay are a tulip-garden of vermillion turbans, and crimson, orange and flame colour, of men in blue and brown and emerald waistcoats, women in cherry-coloured satin drawers, or mantles, of blazing purple or green that shines like a grasshopper. You must go to India to see such dyes. They are the very children of the sun, and seem to shine with an unreflected radiance of their own. In the gilding light the very arms and legs show like bronze or amber or the bloom on ripe damsons. You are walking in a flaring sunset, and come out of it blinking. Bombay is a beautiful queen in silver armour and a girdle of gold.

At its first onset, in Bombay, plague killed its two hundred and forty a day; now it has sunk to fifty a day, but it goes on steadily. Bombay has resigned herself to another four or five years of it—which means, at the present rate, that one-tenth of her population will die of it between now and 1904.

I had the luck to fall in with men who could show me the whole process, from cause to cure—or death. The cause was simple enough: two minutes in the native quarter, and you saw and smelt and tasted it. The cause is sheer piggery, dirt and darkness, foul air and rabbit-warren overcrowding. On stamped earth floors, between bare walls, by the dimness of one tiny window, you see shapes squatting like monkeys. They stir, lithe but always languid, and presently you see that they are human. Babies, naked children, young women and youths, mothers and fathers, shrivelled grandsires and granddames—whole families stifle together in the thick darkness.

On the door-jamb of this house are a dozen red marks—dates with a line round them, in some semi-circular, in others a complete circle. Each means a case of plague—the full circles a death, the halves a removal to hospital. For your own part you wonder that anybody in the poisonous lair is left alive.

For the climax of the dismal story we come to the hospital and the Parsi physician—one native, at least, who knows his duty and does it. As he walked from bed to bed there stepped in from the sun-steeped garden a golden-haired English girl in a white-and-red uniform—a nurse who had volunteered to come out for plague duty, and has lived with death for two years.

The village life of the interior region is thus described:

They are a patient people, the villagers of India; they have been hungry these thirty centuries or so, and it has never occurred to them that they have any claim to be filled. They grumbled a little, to be sure: what tiller of the soil ever did else? They could not get enough water from the Government canal, and the Christmas rains had not fallen; and they were poor men. Though not self-helpful, they remained polite, and desired that their lords would honour them by drinking a cup of milk. So two little earthen cups were brought, of the material of flower-pots, and into them was poured milk still hot from the udder. Their lords drank; and then the cups were smashed to earth. They were useless now: the man of meanest caste would never drink out of a cup that had been polluted by white lips. Water was brought, and the man who had poured out the milk washed his hands thoroughly. The landlord asked his manager if he would take milk too: he shook his head, with a smile; for he is a Brahman, and is as much above drinking from a vessel that a lower caste has touched as the lower caste is above drinking after a sahib. They will call you "Lord" and "Protector of the Poor"; they will sing hymns to you; but they smash the bowl you drank from. What could be more

eloquent of the land of contradictions?

Mr. Steevens sums up his impressions of British rule as follows:

We have done much good material work; everywhere we have made two blades of grass grow where there was but one. We have been honest and we have done our best. Whatever we have done



LANDING-PLACE, BOMBAY.

or left undone, we have imported into public affairs a new morality. It may not yet have been widely imitated, but that is rather a reason for hope than despair. What there is in native India of public spirit, of unswerving public integrity, of unsparing devotion to public duty, we may set down to our credit; and we may say that if it grows slowly it is the likelier to live long. India

is not only the land of ironies, it is also the land of patience.

The Rev. J. E. Abbott, missionary of the American Board at Bombay, writes thus in *The Independent* on the beneficent character of British rule in India:

The administration of justice has been a boon deeply appreciated by the great ignorant masses who are the natural victims of those whose power lies in their money or knowledge. The poorest man knows that in the eyes of the law he is equal with the greatest in the land, and that he can bring a suit even



A BURDEN-BEARER.

against the Government itself for damages to life or property. No one can live among the common people and listen to their expressions of feeling without being convinced that their belief in the English rule as a just one is a strong bond that binds the masses to it, and to it they turn with confidence from the oppressions of their own countrymen.

The material civilization that England has brought to India in the form of railroads, common roads, irrigation, postal and telegraph systems, and protection to life and property, may not touch

their feelings of appreciation as deeply as that of justice before the law. The great masses are so simple in their ways that it would not materially affect their lives if every railroad, post-office or telegraph office were suddenly to become things of the past, but for all that these privileges are appreciated by the lowest, and for the educated classes they have become almost as necessary a part of their lives as such things are among us.

There are instances when the very best endeavours of the Government are met by opposition, due to ignorance and superstition, or the peculiarities of religious feeling. The earnest endeavour to stamp out the plague is a case in point. Sanitary and quarantine regulations, disinfection, compulsory carrying of patients to plague hospitals, and inoculation met with a sullen resistance, which on occasions could only be carried into effect at the point of the bayonet.

The sympathetic attitude of the Government toward the sufferers in the frequent famines is one of the most important factors to be considered in the question of the attitude of the people to their rulers. The Government has freely declared its responsibility to do its utmost to save human life, and with its increased experience and previously made preparation it has saved the lives of many millions from actual starvation. The Government has what is called a "Famine Code," drawn up from the experience of past famines, and embodying rules and regulations in elaborate detail that are to be followed when a famine threatens the land. The Public Works Department also has plans for new roads, irrigation schemes, and the like, ready to be carried into effect. So that as soon as the pressure of famine takes place in any section of the country the machinery of Government sets to work quickly.



ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE.

relief camps are opened, and no one need die from starvation who can get to these camps, where work is provided for those able to work, or food for those too feeble. The famine of 1897 was better handled than that of 1877, and the famine that has now begun, though it threatens to be severer than the last, is receiving such prompt and effective attention that a larger proportion of lives will be rescued from death.

It must not be supposed that those who owe their lives to the Government forget the debt they owe, or that the country at large is indifferent to the heroic and often most self-sacrificing efforts of Government officials at such times of trouble. In the famine three years ago fifty million people were seriously affected, and three millions of them at least were saved from

actual starvation. The present famine affects thirty millions, and already three millions are being provided with work, a burden that the Government will have to carry at immense expense for eight months at the very least. The people fully understand what their condition would be without the prompt and generous aid of the Government, and the thoughts of the 30,000,000 are to-day very far from rebellion.

The dread with which the coming months are looked forward to by the famishing millions has its hope only

in what the "Government of the Queen," as they affectionately call it, can do for them. These millions may not express their gratitude through the press, for the press has little meaning to them, but any one who lives among the common people and hears the stories they tell of their sufferings



NATIVE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL, INDIA.



AT THE VILLAGE WELL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

and deliverance can have no reason to doubt their sincere and grateful regard for the "Government of the Queen."

We here in America have little idea of what a famine means. We have never looked out of our comfortable homes and seen companies of from a hundred to five hundred emaciated men, women and children famishing for food, who would fight among themselves like wild beasts for the very kernels of grain that they might find, and this suffering continuing day by day and month by month, as our missionaries have had to see, and help and save.

Surely, prosperous as we are, tender-hearted as we are, believers in our Master's wish that the hungry should be fed, and bound by

the common ties of humanity, we shall not let this opportunity pass without letting India feel that in her suffering our money is hers, as are our sympathy and prayers.

The Government is making gigantic efforts to relieve the prevailing distress. The chief of these are making common roads, railroad embankments, and improving the irrigation of the country. The importance of the latter is recognized, but because of local conditions has not always been found practicable. These relief camps often contain several thousand men, women and children. They receive just enough money to keep soul and body together, but not enough to tempt any one away from his own legitimate work. The Government also establishes

kitchens for the children, and for those too weak to work.

The methods of missionary relief are to help without pauperizing, some of the practical applications of which are the following: Opening of depots where grain is sold at cost price. This not only benefits the poorest, but helps greatly to keep down the price of grain in the market, which at such times the avaricious and heartless grain-dealers run up to exorbitant rates. Another helpful form of relief is

India. Accustomed to being a subject people for many centuries, the Hindus have never known a hand at once so firm and so kind as that which now governs them. For the first time in a long and troubled history the masses of the country enjoy perfect safety of person and property. Public works on a scale never before attempted—canals, highways, railroads, and telegraph lines, all directly furnished or fostered by the Government—have given marvellous im-



A VILLAGE IN INDIA.

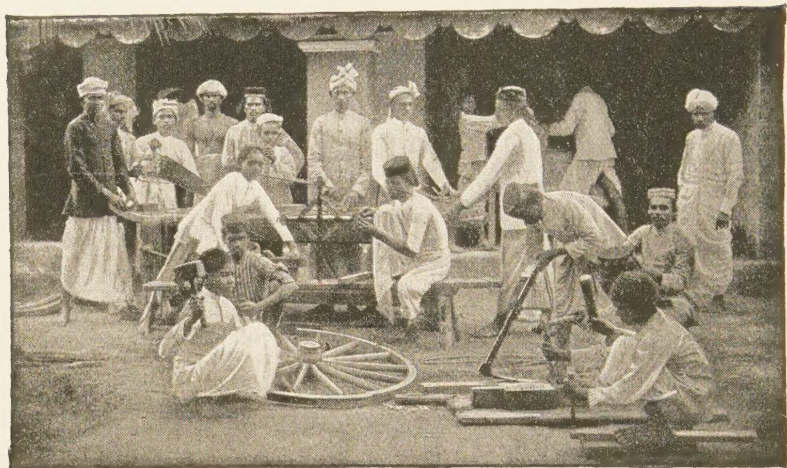
to keep men at their occupations by buying their products at a rate sufficient to support them. Thousands of hand-loomers are thus kept alive. For those too weak to work and with no means of buying grain, there is its free distribution, and the temporary or permanent care of children left orphans, or abandoned by their parents.

The Rev. W. F. Oldham writes as follows:

England is strong in the affections of the common people of

petus to internal trade and have greatly increased the riches of India.

The petty wars which constantly disturbed the farmer, the bands of armed dacoits who pillaged his granaries, the horde of minor officials who ate up what the robbers left—these have almost ceased. The awful famines which periodically swept the land will also, we trust, become plagues of the past. The ryots of India do not forget that all these substantial blessings



CARPENTRY CLASS, CHURCH MISSION INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

they have received at the hands of the pale-faced stranger, who, if he be (as, alas, he too often is) rude and abrupt in his ways and hasty and domineering in temper, is on the other hand incorruptible as an administrator of justice, and wonderfully shrewd and helpful in practical legislation.

There is a class in India that is restless and whose language is sometimes almost incendiary, and that is the student body, who, educated principally in the Government schools, in literary lines, with very little ability for initiative enterprise of any kind, and having neither business ability nor mechanical skill, unceasingly clamour for office under the Government. This is but a very small fraction of the Indian population, and its noisy declamation, which subsides the moment the smallest Government billet is had, must not be taken too seriously.

And even if the people of India were discontent with England's rule, which they are not, they could not, as yet, find sufficient coherence among themselves for either successful revolution or stable government if the revolution succeeded.

India is not inhabited by one, but by many peoples. Nations as diverse as those in Europe are included under the name Hindu. The slender, wily Bengalee is farther from the manly, stalwart Sikh of the Punjab than the Greek is from the German. In language, too, they are cut off from each other. Thirteen distinct languages with numberless dialects divide India into a multitude of camps. Above all, the religious differences of the people hopelessly divide them. Over sixty millions are Mohammedans, and between them and their Hindu neighbours the most bitter hatred now and again blazes into overt acts of violence. One of the constant problems of the Government, particularly in the large cities, is to keep the Hindu and the Mohammedan from flying at each other's throats. If England were forced out of India by an uprising to-morrow, the next day would see India in the throes of a bloody civil war in which Mohammedan and Hindu would fight each other desperately.

The Indian Mutiny was not an uprising of the people of India; it was a partial rebellion of an over-



A BAND OF CHRISTIAN ENDÉAVOURERS.

Photograph taken at a Convention, Termangan Station, India.

pampered native army. Hence, it was not very wide in its scope, and was, after all, easily stamped out. Had they proved successful, the rebellious soldiery would, inevitably, in a little time, have divided into two camps, Hindu and Mohammedan, and these two would have turned against each other.

The only power with whom there could possibly be serious collision is Russia. Semi-Asiatic herself, Russia has steadily pressed east and south, absorbing immense territories. To-day she is the greatest of all the Asiatic powers in the vastness of her territory. Seeking an outlet to the ocean she presses China on the east and towards India on the south. Doubtless the Northern Bear looks upon India as an immense beehive stored with honey. But with a loyal country behind her, if England will remain in India and not seek to press up

towards the Russian outposts north of the Himalayas, seeking some scientific frontier will-o'-the-wisp, she need not fear the paws of the bear. Aided by the vast resources of the land, her fleet along the Indian shores, her army reinforced to almost any extent by admirable Indian soldiery behind the mountain barriers of the north, she would be invincible.

The Rev. Dr. Briggs and the Rev. S. F. Huestis, Methodist Book Stewards in Toronto and Halifax, have kindly consented to act as treasurers for a special Methodist Famine Fund. Three years ago our Church in Canada sent through this channel alone about \$7,000. The sums contributed will be administered by the Wesleyan missionaries in the famine regions of India, who can make a dollar go as far as possible in the succour of the famine victims.

There is nothing we cannot overcome ;
 Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
 Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
 And calls down punishment that is not merited.
 Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
 The great eternal Will. That, too, is thine
 Inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine ;
 Sure lever of success for one who tries.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



OUR BELOVED QUEEN.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.



BUST OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen of these realms is perhaps the only great monarch who has stood before her people, eye to eye, and heart to heart, in all the sympathies of nature, in all the events of common life, which are the same to queen and to peasant; a woman like all women; yet also in the highest offices of princely action, a statesman like few statesmen—comptroller of the tides of empire, mediator among the nations, High Counsellor of Europe and the world. Her Majesty has disclosed herself consciously and unconsciously to us all with that perfect composure which in a monarch is at the same time perfect modesty, in all these positions, so that we really know more of her than we know of many of our near neighbours, and it is not on ignorance or false sentiment or any kind of

feigning popular enthusiasm that our national pride and glory in our Queen are founded. She has given us her royal confidence throughout all the maturer years of her life, opening to her people in a great and touching humility the dearest secrets of her history; and this in no poor and formal record, but in words warm from her heart, the greatest sign of love which one friend can give to another.

The Queen has thus made of her people her friend in the truest sense of the word. We cannot be mistaken or led away by false report, because we know better. Were there backbiters, they are disarmed; the whispers of the backstairs die away; there is no place for them where there is the fullest affectionate confidence between two parties, by whom all has been said, the one in the ear of the other, with mutual tears and smiles. There is not one of us who may not say with respectful reverence, "We know our Queen." From time to time out of her royal seclusion there comes a message, eagerly received, eagerly read by millions. And what is the exclamation from every side? "It is so like the Queen!" She has permitted us to know her so well, that we almost know what she will say in moments which require such a communication. The touch of character, of nature in all, is from the royal friend whom we know.

So far as we know, no such personal intercourse exists between any other monarch and his subjects. There never was a time when sovereigns were more active, more prominent than the present. Absolutism, thought in our hopeful time to be dead and gone, is up

again, and stronger than ever. For all we know, the will of one individual may at any moment be so exercised as to render futile the wisdom of the world. And even when no such misfortune is to be apprehended, there can be no doubt that the office of a king or emperor tells for much more in the world than it did sixty years ago. Then we seemed on the verge of a universal constitutionalism; now the old forces have rallied, and a great part of the earth's surface is absolutely controlled by one man here and there, raised high above the blank of multitudes. But we know none of those who has possessed himself of the heart of his people. The Emperor Franz Josef is a man whom the whole world appreciates and admires, and whom many hearts have bled for in his many and great sorrows—poor Emperor, poor father, stricken so often; but it cannot be said that there is between him and his distracted empire anything of the great friendship we have described. The Queen stands unique in this, as in so many other ways. Her people is her first friend.

There are two specially picturesque and touching points in the life of a sovereign—neither of which comes very often to lend variety to history—and these are the moment of first youth and the moment of old age.

The Queen has had the remarkable fortune of including both in her great career. And never was a youth more calculated to draw all eyes. A gallant young man upon a throne is always interesting and attractive; but a girl in that position touches every heart. The contrast is so strange between her soft youth and the tremendous position she occupies at the head of the fortunes of a great nation, its greatest men bound to consult her inexperience, to explain to her the most subtle devices of State, to

carry her consent and approval with them, she who but the other day sat in judgment only upon the costume of a doll, or anxiously brooded over the illness of a pet bird: it is more piquant and at the same time more affecting than almost any other position in the world. So far as we know, this experience is unique in England.

Queen Elizabeth was still young, but quite experienced, and knowing very well how to take care of herself before she came to the throne; and Queen Anne was middle-aged, in fact and in sentiment, and as humdrum as the dulllest of matrons. Mary of Scotland, indeed, was young enough, and her position was even more picturesque, and for a little while as touching as that of any royal child; but yet the bloom had already been taken from her youth before she began to reign. Queen Victoria was but a girl in the fullest freshness of eighteen, all bloom and naturalness:

“A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her,
she.”

And we are glad to think that her Majesty had delightful prickles about her when she was first Queen. She sent her confused and disturbed ministers spinning, and waved her flag, and defied the world—once, and for a moment. She was deeply sorry for it after, but so were not we. It made the prettiest episode, delightful as the waywardness of a child whom we would not love half so well if it had not a mischievous impulse now and then, for once in a way. That part of her history is far off, but not forgotten. It will be one of the lights to which our children's children will turn in after ages, making the seriousness of the great record bright. “Tell us of the blue-eyed Queen who rode with her cavalcade through the Windsor

woods, and made grey London bloom with gay processions and smiling looks; who loved her fairy prince, and blushed and told her people of her love, and was the happiest of brides."

Hundreds of years hence, as long as youth endures, that will be the call of the young reader unexpectedly lighting upon, in the history that is so grave, a sunny chapter of the romance he loves.

And now comes a more interesting situation still, which also draws all hearts, though in so different a way. There are no words to say how touching is the aspect of an old monarch, one who has fulfilled all the duties and exercised all the best influences of so high a place, and who goes down into the vale of years steadfastly, with a smile, carrying the lamp of life through all the shadows—"I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith"—one who has reached the further verge, and whose life after him shines with an even completer radiance than that "light that never was on sea or land"—the ideal glow which illuminates the path before him of the youth. Perhaps no individual is ever conscious of how well he has done in his life, or how entirely he has carried out the promise of its early days—just as the artist can never convince himself that he has made the most of the beautiful blank canvas on which he began his picture.

But if the Queen should feel anything of distrust on this point, we may be sure she is the only person in her great Empire who does so. More than the most sanguine hoped for her in her youth she has fulfilled in her age. The engaging young creature who ascended a somewhat damaged throne in 1837 was, everybody hoped, destined to mend it and gild with the light of her young presence; but no one could then have prophesied how much she was to add, not only to

the greatness of her own immediate crown, but to the ideal of monarchy everywhere, by adding to all the images of power the conception of a sovereign who should be first in duty as in place, the most diligent, the most unwearying, with an ear open to everything that concerned her people, and a mind as completely devoted to their business as that of a man to his trade on which his daily bread depends.

Talk of working men! there is no artisan who has worked harder than the Queen. She has sought no eight-hours day, no limit of labour, no additional recompense. The State has never been troubled either with complaint or resistance of hers. A constitutional Queen with a perfect right to throw all responsibility upon her ministers, with whom indeed it rests, she has laboured with energy as unflinching as if the whole weight lay on her own shoulders, and as the Queen is never out of office she has had none of those intervals of rest which come to every Prime Minister, not much desired, perhaps, on their parts, but no doubt a great boon to Nature, which cannot be overworked without harm—except in some sovereign cases, like that of the lady whose life we are at present discussing. There is something whimsically illustrative of this in the plaint of the poor footman at Windsor reprimanded for falling asleep when he ought to have been on the watch to extinguish the lights. "Why should she sit up so late?" said honest John Thomas, much aggrieved, and feeling the wrong to be all on his side.

These sixty years have been full of many changes of every kind; they have shaken every throne in Christendom—except the Queen's; and made something like a revolution in every nation—except this. All kinds of refugees have arrived on our shores, from kings to the

squalid slaves of dynamite; but for many years past scarcely so much as a local riot has disturbed the calm of this island. Three different constitutions have prevailed in France; Germany has been altered from her foundations; Italy has gone through changes even more complete. Other kingdoms have risen and have fallen; our kindred realm of Hanover has disappeared altogether. And we, like our neighbours, have changed; but in our case it has been by the methods of peace, without the intervention of a soldier or the firing of a gun.

Those who saw the Queen's first procession to Westminster to receive the crown, would have deemed many of the alterations which have taken place impossible except by revolutions which would have torn England asunder, and for ever disjoined the monarchy from the people. And who could have believed that amidst all the progress of democracy and the enfranchisement of the mob, the question to-day would be how to make the Queen's procession long enough, to lead it far enough to content the eagerness of these very mobs to see her pass, to catch one glimpse of her as an occasion in their lives? A fear of the people was in the minds even of wise men for many years after the Queen's accession; but now the only thought is how to join the greatest number to her train, how to make an opportunity for the approach of the poorest, for the multitude, for the slums, to take part in the joy of her Commemoration. Not the nobler ways of the metropolis alone, not the West End nor the great channels of communication that lead towards Palace and Parliament, the centre of State; but far off into the heart of the smoke, over the great bridges and the pale haze of the river, to those narrow and dingy lines of street that never have had any share in the glories of

State pageant before. Through all these common unadorned ways the Queen will pass, that no part of her vast London may be shut out from the sight of her, so far as human possibilities go. Could any one have foreseen such a thing sixty years ago? or that the anxious object of every official concerned should be how to widen the area most effectually, and to carry the Queen most completely into regions where fashion never passed, nor any external beauty nor interest lies; to visit her subjects in their homes on her great day, the day of thanksgiving and rejoicing for all the blessings of life.

Soldiers will line the streets; what for? To show them too, no small part of the pageant, and add to its stateliness and beauty—not that one bayonet is needed to protect the Queen. She takes the defenders of the Empire with her to show to her people with something of the same pride with which she will show her guard of princes, her heirs, her children—Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, born on the other side of the world, yet every one with his tie of kindred to England, to Scotland, to Ireland, to Wales, and above all to the Queen. Her Majesty is the final symbol of union, elastic as the ait, yet stronger than iron, which binds these Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Celts, together. She has put a girdle round the earth more real than the fairy girdle of the poet, more potent even than that of Science, which takes her message, her command in the breathing of a minute to the most distant point of empire—for not even the delay of a minute is required in calling forth the one cheer of a universe for the Queen. It will burst forth spontaneously, simultaneously from the Antipodes as from England; for love and kindness go quicker than electricity, and enthusiasm grows all the greater because it is:

an enthusiasm which encircles the earth.

This triumph is altogether and in every way one of the most noble and elevating description. It is not for victory or conquest, though these things occur to us in the natural course of the large national progress sometimes in spite of ourselves. It is the triumph of a good life, sustained by good laws, by freedom, by justice, and all the principles which make nations happy. Much no doubt is in these things, the conditions of a rule in which so far as human prevision, wisdom, and tolerance can secure it, justice reigns, and every wrong is discouraged. But its great and leading inspiration is in the character of the first person in the State, the consistent, patient, watchful, and attentive sovereign, full of interest, sympathy and understanding towards all her people.

A very great number, indeed by far the greatest number of the Queen's subjects have been born under her rule and know no other; even most of the old people among us remember only, as the first of their childish recollections, the story, so thrilling to all who heard it at first hand, of the accession, of the disturbed slumbers of the little maiden running in with her morning face, half smiles, half tears, scarce believing to hear herself addressed as Queen. But most of the fathers and mothers, as well as the children, have been born in the Victorian age, and have known no time when the Queen was not the head of the State, and when there were not murmurs all around the world that a female sovereign was the finest of institutions. This fact adds a touching familiarity, a tender respect to the veneration which surrounds her name. There is no division of fealty. The next sovereign who sits on the British throne will not have this exemption from all contrasts and comparisons. But there

is no one to compare with the Queen. She stands alone, embodying all that her people know of the royal office, a terrible test for her successors, but a unique grandeur for herself; she is "The Queen" without rival or emulator in the world.

Such a position is not, however, easily achieved. It is one that costs blood and tears, the life-blood of sorrow, renunciation, and that patience which is more terrible than either, which holds the soul through long years of loneliness and weariness, unsupported by excitement, unbroken by events, which have to be worked through like any prisoner's pain and often without the pity that other sufferings call forth. The Queen has not been exempted by her high estate from any of those blows to which we are all subject. She has had the sound health of a vigorous constitution, which is, however, by no means exempt from many personal sufferings, though it gives strength to bear them without complaining; and now that she has reached her sixty years of rule, that strength enables her to overcome many infirmities whenever duty calls, but does not the less make these infirmities very real, and not smaller, perhaps greater, than those which usually accompany her age.

Be sorry for her, O people! be glad for her! her heart has never failed to throb for you, her voice has never been silent in your times of trouble. Remember how her own heart has bled, how many sorrows have come with the snows of nature. Love that has wept and been widowed; that has mourned for children and lost friends; and now feels the grasshopper a burden; yet comes forth with blessing and greeting to say God save you, while we all cry, God bless her, our lifelong friend and sovereign! —Good Words.

COMFORT FOR ENGLAND.*

BY THE REV. JOHN WATSON, D.D.

(IAN MACLAREN.)

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."—Isa. xl. 1, 2.

I will make one little change in the translation, taking the words of Dr. George Adam Smith, "Speak ye to the heart of Jerusalem." "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God! Speak ye to the heart of England, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished."

Had the Hebrew prophets no other claim upon our regard we ought to hold them in everlasting respect for their patriotism. Israel was their people, and for Israel the prophet thought a man might well lay down his life and die. Israel was also God's people. The strength of Israel in every time of trouble was the Lord of Hosts. According to prophetic idea, the nation had been separated from other peoples, and safeguarded round about, and trained in a special manner, and made the instrument of the Divine will. And the prophet's interest was not confined to the sacrifices of the Temple, nor to the coteries of pious people, but swept into its heart everything that concerned the welfare of the community. Why should not our faith go further afield and have a more generous range?

We also carry in our hearts, not only as citizens but also as Christians, this England which God gave to our fathers, and has continued in its glory unto their children. Why should we not take our courage in both our hands and, looking at the history of the past

and comparing it with the history of the present, recognize in our own people another Israel called of God in a special manner, set apart by God for a special mission, and gather into our soul all the promises of God, and also make our boast in Him as the prophets did? This, as I take it, was the high note of patriotism in the writer of "*Piers Plowman*," in Wycliffe, that Reformer before the Reformation; in Latimer, with his crude English speech and popular sympathies; in Sir Thomas More, too, that public soul; in Cromwell, our chief of men, in that eminent servant of God whose life and labours, whose glorious and triumphant death you celebrate to-day; in Thomas Carlyle also, and in John Ruskin.

These men carried the sins of England on their shoulders; they felt the sorrows of England in their hearts; they dared to believe that God was the God of England in as true a sense as He was the God of the Twelve Tribes, and of the Two Tribes of Israel. And England was as dear to them, and other men of the same great prophetic spirit that I could mention, as ever Israel and Judah were dear to Amos and Isaiah. What did they depend on, the Hebrew prophets, for this great conception that God had called the nation, and had a great work for that nation to do? They depended on the facts of history behind them creating in their soul an irresistible conviction. And I ask you whether the right arm of the Most High has not been as conspicuous in English history. From

* A sermon preached at Wesley's Chapel City Road, London, on the anniversary of John Wesley's death, Friday, March 2nd, 1900.

what perils in past centuries has He not delivered this country when the whole world was against us and was put to confusion! Had not God helped us in the sixteenth century, then there had been no English nation to-day! Had He not helped us at the beginning of this century, then England had been a province of France. Is it not a provincialism of faith, or is it not a form of unbelief, that will find God in the Judges and not find Him in the battles of the Peninsular War? Pitt and Wellington were as distinctly servants of God in history as Jephtha and Samson, and if those old fighters of the Judges did a great service to civilization and righteousness by sweeping out of power the decadent Ammonite stock, so surely at the beginning of this century we were fighting and making for righteousness in Europe and in the world.

Yes, and if we admire the Hebrew poets who celebrated the glory of their little country, its cities and its hills, its woods and its plains, from Dan to Beersheba, should we not also pay a tribute to the poets God has given us when they rouse our spirits, and when they magnify this great and beautiful country which God has made our heritage.

You say that Israel had a special mission. And are any man's eyes so blind that he cannot see the mission of England? Have not we been surrounded by the sea, our national character formed, for purposes that we can recognize? What nation has ever planted so many colonies, explored so many unknown lands, made such practical contributions to civilization, set such an illustrious example of liberty? Within our blood is the genius for government, the passion for justice, the love of adventure, and the intelligence of pure faith. Our Lord came of the Jewish stock, and therefore that people

must have a lonely place, but when it comes to the carrying out of those great blessings, physical, political, social, and religious, which have been conferred upon the world by the Cross and the pierced hand of the Lord, I challenge any one to say whether any nation has so extended them within her own borders, or been so willing to give them to the ends of the earth as God's England.

When I strike so high a note I do not forget England's sins, for against the Eternal we have sinned, and in our own generation by inordinate love of material possessions, by discord between the classes of the commonwealth, by a certain insolence which has offended foreign peoples, and also by hideous sins of the flesh. Our sins have been great, and it becomes us to acknowledge them, as, I hope, during this winter we have been acknowledging them with broken and contrite hearts. Does our sin destroy our calling? Does our sin break the Covenant which the Eternal made with our fathers? No people ever sinned against God like Israel, for there was no commandment they did not break, there was no insult to the Eternal which they did not offer. And I declare between the sin of Israel and the sin of England, God's chosen people of ancient and modern times, there has been the similarity which arises from the sin of people in the same position. Both boasted themselves overmuch against other peoples. Both were intoxicated with prosperity. Both depended upon it instead of utilizing and conserving the favour of the Most High.

When we desire to confess our sins where do we go? We go to the confessions of the Hebrew prophets. And when we ask mercy for our sins, what are the promises we plead? The great promise of mercy declared by the Evangelical prophet and now sealed by the life

and death and resurrection of our Lord! If God broke not the Covenant He sware to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob till He had accomplished all things which He had promised to do for His people, that were not yet accomplished, neither will He, neither has He, broken the Covenant made with our fathers and to which we also have set our hands.

Because the Hebrew prophet believed that his people were God's people, he had the courage to speak plainly to them. He is not a traitor to his country who on occasions points out his country's sins. He is not a friend of his country's enemies who calls his country to repentance; he is the traitor who, placed in any position of influence, either in the Senate or in the Pulpit, will not point out the errors of his nation, for it is he against whom the charge will be made that he hath "healed the hurt of the daughter of his people slightly." When Israel sinned there was no voice so loud as that of Isaiah or Amos, but, oh, they delighted not in the work, any more than their God delighted in judgment. If God sent them with a rod they took the rod and they gave the stroke, but the stroke fell also on the prophet's own heart, and he suffered most of all the people. When the people repented and turned again to God, when they brought forth works meet for repentance and showed humility, oh, there was no man so glad as the prophet, there was none whose feet were so beautiful upon the mountains bringing the Gospel of Peace! He that rebuked then lifted up! He that had stricken bound the wound!

When the prophet takes up the work of consolation he has no bounds, he makes the comfort of God to run down the streets like a river. It is not enough to say it once, but twice must he sound it,

till, like the news that spread through London yesterday, the Comfort of God shall run like lightning through Jerusalem. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," saith your God. Yes! and when he takes to comforting he is not to be bound by theories of theology or arguments of the schools. He is not going to ask questions—whether a man can expiate his sins, or whether a nation can win repentance. He flings all this kind of argument to the wind, for he has come out from the presence of the Eternal, who does not keep accounts like that, and he cries, "Speak ye home to Jerusalem; her warfare is accomplished." Accomplished! More than that! This man declares that God hath now repented. It was His people repented first, now He is repenting. They repented of their sins; behold, God has begun to repent of His judgment! "I have," he makes the Eternal say, "I have been overhard with these people, and I have punished them more than they have deserved. Go and comfort them. Comfort them royally. Give it out with a lavish hand—they have received double for all their sins."

When the prophet speaks in this fashion he is not referring to material prosperity, for the words were spoken to the exiles in Babylon. And when I am speaking here to-day, in this place of such sacred associations, I am not directly or specially alluding to the great victories with which God has been pleased to crown the cause that we believe to be the cause of liberty and of righteousness! The prophet was speaking of a blessing greater than any material prosperity, and he comforted the exiles there not because they were victorious, but because they had repented and been reconciled unto God. The comfort I preach to-day is not based on arms. It is

based, as I take it, and I am sure I am right, on the nobler spirit which God has given England during the progress of this war. We sinned, and according to our sin was our punishment. We have repented. I declare it without doubt. Through our churches and through our homes, and individually, we have laid the lessons of the Eternal to heart; we have repented, and according to our repentance shall be the blessing of God. Did we boast overmuch last autumn? Ah, me, the boasts have been paid twofold in the blood of brave men, and in the humiliation of our fame. We send out our soldiers with a steadfast heart, but in a far nobler spirit. On every hand are signs of repentance. We have had great reverses, but I ask you whether England ever lost heart. Never. We have not said we were betrayed; we have not turned and rent our rulers; we have not called home generals who were doing their best, and broken their hearts. No! And we have not whined for mercy from any quarter. And if other nations had joined in we would have asked no mercy. The sight of European nations joining in against us would have made us one man from John o' Groat's to Cornwall. It was all that was needed to bring this England to her height. We know that no man is master of circumstances. We know the ablest man may fail, and what we are grateful for is what the Romans in their best days were grateful for, when they went out and met a beaten general and said: "We honour you because you did not despair of the Commonwealth." Thank God! the unbroken tradition of our generals and statesmen is honoured, and that has been fulfilled through the whole of this trouble. I do not say—we are a large people and there are foolish people in a large nation—I do not say there have

not been peevish complaints, shrill, high-pitched, shrieking voices—I do not say there have not been ungenerous criticisms, but I do say that all that has been but the spume on the surface of the water, and that throughout our homes—and a minister knows the homes of the people, and the tone of the homes is more than the cries of the agitators—through the homes of our people there never has been a nobler spirit, a more unboasting courage, more unfaltering confidence in God. And therefore with that before me I say: Comfort ye, comfort ye my people; speak ye home to-day to the heart of England!

There are many of us who are afraid, and we had some reason—that the lure of gold, so dangerous a snare for every people, had something to do with the beginning of this war, and against that some of us lifted our voices. And if it is ever again to complicate and disgrace our policy we shall lift our voices with yet greater intensity. That is a question upon which people differ, and I am not going further into it, but I say with confidence now that whatever a few men—whether they did or not I am not judging—whatever a few men for reasons of profit had to do with fostering the beginning of this war, it is not for gold that England is fighting to-day. No! When England rises in a body, any such intriguers or speculators disappear; and England rose, and England fights to-day for that which has been dear to her from the Commonwealth downwards, for Liberty, for Righteousness, for Equal Rights between man and man, for lasting peace in a fair province of God's world, and for the ancient unstained glory of the English name. Wherefore, Comfort ye, comfort ye my people; speak ye home to the heart of England.

Some of us were also afraid in past years that our people, through their great commercial prosperity, and through certain social influences, were growing soft and losing their moral fibre, and some of us considered that nothing would so cleanse the nation as a great war. We dared not pray for such a thing, for, ah me, the widows and orphans! But we felt if a war should come it would cleanse England. And the war has come, and now the mass of our people are coming out of the furnace strong and refined. Has our army ever stood higher in bravery, in patience, in confidence than to-day, from that old man that went out stricken in his own heart and at the age of seventy, to lead the arms of England to victory, down to the lad who would be in the front line of fire, and when one arm was disabled, shifted the bugle to the other hand and blew till he fell?

Did you ever expect to see the day—I did not—when from homes of affluence at the West End and from humble homes in the East End, from the castle and from the cottage, young men, uncompelled, would arise and go forth, counting all things but loss, for their country's sake. When the prize has to be divided, the prize of popular esteem and honour, it can go neither to the Castle nor can it go to the Cottage; it must be divided between the two, for the princes of Israel and the people thereof have gone willingly to the death for their country's sake. If the prize is to be given to any persons in especial, it must be given to the Women of England. I know of what I speak, having men going out from my own people. Wives have given their husbands, and mothers their sons, without complaining, for England's sake. You may find complaints in public newspapers here and there—not many—you

hear none from the women who are making the largest sacrifice.

It was only last week, travelling in a railway carriage, I saw a Reservist's wife and the mother of two Reservists, most respectable, nice people, whose husband and sons had been called out from happy and prosperous homes. They spoke about the war. Did they complain? No! They read letters from the husband and the sons, and they quarrelled as to which was the best General, and who would be first at Pretoria. It did an Englishman's heart good to be in the carriage, and to see the spirit of our people.

Yes, and in the great homes from which men who are heirs to ancient names and great fortunes have gone out, there is no complaint. No, and in the lowly homes there is no complaint. There the wife will read a letter from her husband at the front—not very grammatically composed, but there are better things than grammar—and not very eloquent, if you please, but eloquence of mere words is a poor business—but powerful, to the melting of the heart and the raising of the spirit, because of that private soldier's unfaltering confidence in his General, his unconscious indifference to danger, and his unspoken loyalty to his country. And because we have been so strong as that, I declare I am reminded of Milton's words—"I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks." Wherefore, Comfort ye, comfort ye, because she hath played the man—comfort ye, comfort ye England, speak ye home to the heart of England.

A while ago our colonies, separated from us by vast distance, and living amid different circumstances, appeared—I only say appeared—to be a little cold in feeling, and perhaps the mother was a little negli-

gent of her children. You never can tell what people feel till the hour of trouble comes; then you know a man's heart; then you can estimate his latent affection. When England was in trouble, and before the day of her need came—for that never came in the sense of desperation and despair—before the day of her need came, her children thought of their mother, and girded on their swords and came to her aid. They have fought in the same field—the home band, the distant band, but all of one blood. They have mingled their blood together, and I declare that what they have done, from the men of the Northwest of Canada on to the men of New Zealand, will never be forgotten by England.

A Covenant has been made between England and her Colonies, and the Covenant has been sealed with blood. To-day, England and the Colonies are one. They revile, those nations of Europe—with exceptions—they revile us, but it does not matter what the outside world says if your own family is true. They would do this and that, but we did not care, and we do not care to-day, when old England stands with her children round her and the word of ancient prophecy fulfilled to Israel spiritually is fulfilled to England literally to-day—"Lift up thine eyes round about, and see

how they gather themselves together. Thy sons shall come from far and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." We have had our discipline, and the fruits of chastisement, the peaceable fruits, remain and are to be gathered. We have learned humiliation, we have learned where our trust is, we have learned that the fear of God in the hearts and homes of the people is the greatest power in a nation. We have found out who our friends in the world are; we have found out who our enemies are—and we are not going to forget. We have learned that this great Empire is one which God has given us, and must be preserved so long as it is His will. We have found out that the riches of courage, of manhood, of steadfastness, and of loyalty which are in the hearts of English men and women, and God has fulfilled to us another promise—"For a small moment have I forsaken thee. With great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with loving-kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer."

Comfort ye, comfort ye England; speak ye home to the heart of England, for the Covenant stands between God and England.—Methodist Recorder.

IN THE SWEET MAY MORNING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Up from the sod, with his perfect lay,
Rises the lark at the break of day,
Swift-soaring and singing,
In liquid notes ringing
Rich praise for the fair young month of May.

Down in the meadow he leaves behind
The first warm rays of the sunbeams kind
Kiss open the daisies,
Who, adding their praises,
Swing to and fro in the soft May wind.
Toronto.

Under the hedge, on the shady side,
Sheltered and shy, the violets hide,
While sweet from their breathing,
More praises are wreathing
Out on the air of the glad May-tide.

All through night has the pond been gray,
But it shimmers, now, at the opening day,
In colour replying
To the sweet breeze, sighing
The fairest of all the months is May.

THE PROBLEM OF RACE AND POPULATION.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ONTARIO.

BY C. C. JAMES, M.A.,

Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario.

I.

My subject deals with Canada and her people. Race and population refer to the nature or kind of people and the number of people that are to be Canadians in the future. If you ask me for a text upon which to build my address, or a foundation upon which to base my remarks, I will offer you this :

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.”

This should be sufficient to call forth the best thinking of which one is capable, this should arouse one's brightest hopes and aspirations. If failure follows, the fault will lie, not with the text, but with the student or the thinker.

In discussing this subject, I do not set myself up as an authority—perhaps I can tell you nothing new, nothing but what may have occurred to you many a time (for one can hardly think of a citizen of this country not giving thought to our future), but perhaps I may be able to present some thoughts in a new light.

There is an old saying that “the child is father to the man.” This is as true of the people collectively as of the people individually. What Canadians are to be is largely a question of what Canadians are to-day, and it seems to me, therefore, that we should first glance over the past history of our people? Written history may be interesting and attractive from a literary standpoint; it is valuable to us, however, just as

from it we help ourselves in the present in the direction of our public and private life, and use it as a guide for future action.

Time will not permit our reviewing the history of the growth of all the provinces, therefore I propose to deal principally with our own province. In studying the people of Ontario we are also studying the people of Manitoba, for, as you know, that province is largely an overflow from Ontario. This is very well illustrated in the statement recently noted in our daily press that every member of the new Government of Manitoba was born in Ontario. I think the same can be said of the Government that preceded it.

Just as I write this there has come to hand No. 8 of the interesting little *Quarterly* entitled “*Educational Review Supplementary Readings.*” It is published at St. John, N.B. If you are interested in studying the source of the people of Canada you will find one of Dr. Ganong's entertaining sketches of the source of Maritime Canadians in this number. It is entitled “*The New England Movement to Nova Scotia*” (1760-1770).

The story of the war of the American Revolution is full of interest, and is even yet the subject of much discussion as to whether the revolutionists were justified in refusing to pay taxes when they had not representation, and whether the loyalists who preferred the British flag and British laws were justified in their action. At this remote day we can find much to admire in both. Whatever may have been the mo-

tives that prompted the loyalists, they must be credited with laying the foundation of this province, and the early growth and the continued development of Ontario are convincing proofs of the importance and value of their work.

The foundation of a province is surely of as much importance as the foundation of a building. Ontario built not upon sand, but upon solid rock, and her stability is assured. Other material later entered into the superstructure. A foundation without a building is of no value, and a building without a foundation is but a weakness, a menace to all concerned. We shall be acting fairly and justly if we give due credit to the United Empire Loyalists of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and due credit also to the British settlers who crossed the sea in the first half of the present century.

Who were the U. E. Loyalists of Upper Canada? They were a people of mixed blood. There were some descendants of the early Puritans and Quakers. There were also large numbers of Dutch descent, principally farmers from central New York, who settled in largest numbers in the Bay of Quinte district.

What strange things happen in this world! A century and more ago there were people of Dutch descent who preferred privation and hardship under British rule to the so-called freedom of independence. To-day people of the same ancestry are fighting against the British in South Africa to maintain their independence. The day will doubtless come when the South African Boer will admit that the protection and freedom of British rule are preferable to that for which he is now fighting.

Perhaps it will be interesting to make our reference to the early

Dutch Loyalists fuller than would otherwise be necessary, owing to the present South African troubles. The important part played by these people in settling the townships along the St. Lawrence, on the Bay of Quinte and in the Niagara district may not be generally appreciated. We have become so familiar with the names that we do not realize how much Dutch blood there is in Ontario. Here are a few names of the early settlers. Major Peter Vanalstyne was the leader in charge of a large band of Dutch New York farmers who settled the township of Adolphustown. When he came he could speak only broken English. To his name we add Vandyke, Van Every, Vandeusen, Vandewater, Van Slyke, Vandeboegart, Van Blaricom, Van Valkenburg, Van Horn, Van Tassel, Van Vlack, Van Cott, Van Nostrand, Van Clief, Van Wagner, Van Skiver, Vanderheyden, Van Luven, Van Norman, Vanderlip, Van Camp, Van Wyck, Van Allen. Other names, such as Schermerhorn, Sleuter, Von Kochnet (now Van Koughnet), Wanamaker, Lampmann, Schmitt, Snider, Osterhout, Outwater, Ostrander, Hough, Huycke, Huff, Hoffnagel, Pruyn, Bogart, and scores that are familiar, may be traced back to either Dutch or German ancestry. If we look into the old homes of Niagara or the Bay of Quinte we shall find furniture and kitchen utensils that are of Dutch rather than of New England origin. Many of the farm implements also were of Dutch make, as Dutch harness and the Dutch plough.

One more reference. The French bateau of the lower St. Lawrence and the Ottawa gave place to the Durham boat as a means of conveyance by water. The word Durham is an Anglicized form of the Dutch *Durm*, a boat introduced from the

Mohawk. It was a long, flat-bottomed, square-ended boat, rigged with a mast and sail. It was partly decked over; cleats were nailed along the side decks, against which the men braced themselves as they poled up the rapids.

These Dutch settlers were sturdy, resolute, industrious men and women, and formed a very important part of the foundation of our province.

You may have perhaps noticed the similarity of many of the Boer words now frequently occurring in the war news to some of our common English words; for instance, Volks (folks), Veldt (field), Staat (State), Bloem (bloom), Uit (out), Vaal (valley). These, of course, point to a common origin. But we have some words that are peculiar to the Northern States and to Ontario, that have come to us from the New York Dutch and that are suggestive of the influence of this people upon our life. I will give you only a few: Boss, the head or manager of a band of workmen; bush, meaning the woods, as The Queen's Bush; stoop, the verandah or platform alongside of the house; and span, a team of horses. The word neck (or nek) is peculiar to New York, New Jersey and South Africa.

This, perhaps, will be sufficient as indicating the influence exerted by the New Netherland Dutch in the early settlement of Ontario or Upper Canada. They were most numerous in the townships around the Bay of Quinte, though a few were to be found in the Niagara district, and we may perhaps even mention the Dutch Ryerson or Ryerse family that settled in the Long Point District. In "Case and his Contemporaries" we find mention of several settlements where services were conducted in Dutch for many years. For example, ref-

erence may be made to the Bowman settlement, seven miles southwest of Hamilton. Dr. Carroll says: "The settlement was commenced in 1793, and was composed of the U. E. Loyalists, mostly of Dutch descent, from the Mohawk Valley in the State of New York and from New Jersey." He mentions such names as Smith, Bowman, House, Horning, and Spears. In the same district he says Bows-laugh and Cline "could preach better in Dutch than in English."

We find also some Germans among the U. E. Loyalists, in addition to the disbanded Hessians. Perhaps you know the story of the Palatines. The people of the German Palatinate had suffered for years—their country had been a common fighting ground for the French on the West and the German States on the East. They had endured terrible persecution, and had fled, some to Holland, some to London. It was in the days of Queen Anne. Public sympathy being aroused, they were housed, fed and clothed. At first it was proposed to settle them in Ireland and in the manufacturing towns of the north. Then it was decided to send them to America to settle in the pine forests that they might produce naval stores. Some Mohawk chiefs who were at the time in London on a mission were taken to see them and they offered them a home in their country across the sea, the great Mohawk country. This was gladly accepted, and they came out in 1710 to New York State. A large number also came and settled in Pennsylvania. For three years they suffered persecution and privation before it was discovered that the pine of the north was not pitch pine. The British Government and the New York Governor were disappointed. On up the Hudson and Mohawk the Palatines gradually moved until they came into the pro-

mised land of the Mohawks. It is a remarkable fact that the descendants of some of the German Palatines cared for in London and the descendants of the Mohawk chiefs who in London offered them a home in their country beyond the sea, settled down in 1784 side by side on the banks of the Bay of Quinte.

The Germans from Pennsylvania are sometimes miscalled Pennsylvania Dutch. They were not Dutch as we use the term, that is, *Hollanders*; but they were *Deutsch*, as the Germans called themselves. If one looks over the names of the pioneer settlers along the front from Prescott to Long Point he will be surprised at the many German names. Some of them have been more or less Anglicized, but when you trace them back to their original form, one finds true German spelling. Among the pioneer Methodist preachers* of Upper Canada was Augustus Shorts. His mother carried him in her arms across New York State to Niagara, guided through the forest by a friendly Indian. His ancestors were Swiss named Kurtz, or Courtice. In changing the name the English was name the English equivalent was adopted just as some of the French Canadians adopt English equivalents when becoming citizens of the United States. Van Koughnet is a modification of the German Von Kochnet; Buckner is a modification of Boughner; Dedrick of Dietrich. For many years Matilda Township on the St. Lawrence was known as "The German Settlement."

Following in the wake of the U. E. Loyalist Germans came a steady stream of German settlers, who found homes in York, Peel, Halton, Haidimand and other counties. It is, of course, well known that part of Waterloo County is settled by a body of industrious, progressive Germans, who still retain their original language.

Perhaps two facts may be added before we pass on to the next section.

The beginnings of the Methodist Church in Ontario are due to Palatine Germans. A small number settled in Ireland near Limerick, and through the visits of some of John Wesley's travelling helpers they became Methodists. They came to New York and founded the first Methodist church, still in existence on John Street. They later moved north to Washington County and just before the war came to Montreal. Later on they came to Upper Canada and settled, some on the St. Lawrence near Prescott and some on the Bay of Quinte, forming in each place the nucleus of a future Methodist community.* The German Loyalists who came to the Bay of Quinte district direct were principally Lutherans, and we have records of their building churches in that district in the early years of this century. The original German Lutherans of that district, however, soon turned to the other Protestant bodies, some becoming Presbyterians, but most of them Methodists. Just outside of the town of Picton there is still in use an old Methodist church, known as the Conger Church. It preserves its original form, square in shape, with a four-sided roof meeting in an apex. If we turn to the picture of the old Lutheran church erected about 1730 at Newburgh on the Hudson by the German Palatines, we will see that some of the early church architecture of the Bay of Quinte district was German in style—square with a four-sided roof.

The next element to be noticed among the U. E. Loyalists is that of the French Huguenots. Paul Revere the soldier, Freneau the

* Among them were the German names Heck, Ruckle, Schweitzer, Detlor, Dulmage and others. Paul Heck's German Bible is in the library of Victoria University, Toronto.
—ED.

pioneer poet, and Lanier his successor, Thoreau the naturalist, Tourgee the novelist, and Chauncey Depew the orator and financier, all trace their origin to French Huguenot ancestry. There are many others, also, whose names might be mentioned, as Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and President Garfield. Historical research has even attempted to prove that Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, was also of Huguenot extraction. If so, her love-making may be of increasing interest to us.

There were several Huguenot settlements in the Atlantic States, but the one that concerns us most is that at New Rochelle, near New York. A number of Ontario families can trace their ancestry back to that interesting settlement.*

But Dutch, German and French blood did not flow in the veins of all the Loyalists. There was also a generous sprinkling of good old Quaker folk, who traced their ancestry back through the New England States to old England. One of their strong settlements was in Dutchess County, on the Hudson. This county probably contributed more settlers to Upper Canada than any other, and the presence of the Quakers may have had something to do with it. Some of them laid aside their prejudices and fought on the British side, but most of them came to Upper Canada because of their hatred of strife and their desire to live in peace under the flag that had so long been their protection.

The first meeting in Upper Can-

ada was organized in 1798 in Adolphustown, at the home of Philip Dorland, who had been refused his seat in the first Legislature of Upper Canada because he would not take an oath. Their first meeting-house, erected in 1799, still stands on Hay Bay, not far from the first Methodist Church erected in 1792. From Adolphustown as a centre, the Quakers crossed into Prince Edward County, and spread eastward into Frontenac and Leeds. Lutherans and Quakers were prominent among the first settlers of Adolphustown a hundred years ago. In 1891, according to the census, there were two Quakers in Adolphustown and not one Lutheran. In Prince Edward County there were six hundred and eleven Quakers.

Most of the U. E. Loyalists who settled around Niagara and on the Bay of Quinte were Protestants. In Sir John Johnson's Royal New York Regiment were a large number of Scottish soldiers, most of them Protestant but some Catholic. The former settled on the St. Lawrence in the counties of Stormont and Dundas; the Catholics made a small settlement in Glengarry. Soon after came a large accession to their numbers, the Glengarry Fencibles, with their gallant and devoted leader, Father Macdonell, afterwards the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada.

The story of Bishop Macdonell and his Highlanders is full of interest. Born in 1762 in Invernesshire, he was educated for the priesthood. He went back to minister to his own people and found them in dire distress because of their small holdings being turned into sheep-walks. He arranged with Glasgow manufacturers for their employment, and came down from the Highlands with seven or eight hundred stalwart labourers. Soon after occurred the French

* I have not space to enlarge further upon this, but if you are interested in this subject I would simply refer you to two records that are available in our public libraries. The French Huguenot family of the Secords, and the French Huguenot family of the Ruttans are to be found recorded in the publication of the U. E. Loyalist Society, issued in 1899 at Toronto. These two may be taken as representative of a class much more numerous than is generally supposed.

revolutionary troubles, and a stagnation followed in the great work centres of England and Scotland. Father Macdonell then formed his followers into a Catholic regiment, of which he became chaplain, and their services were offered to their country. They saw service in the Channel Islands and in Ireland. When peace came, the Glengarry Fencibles were disbanded. Previous to this bands of Highlanders had left for America at various times, one settlement being made in South Carolina, another in Prince Edward Island, and in 1773 another band had gone, as already stated, to the Mohawk Valley at the request of Sir Wm. Johnson, and at the close of the Revolutionary War had been settled along the St. Lawrence. Father Macdonell naturally looked across the sea for a future home for his flock, and, after many difficulties that we have not time to mention here, we find these fighting Highlanders located on grants of land in Glengarry County.

Canada owes a great debt to the Highlanders of the St. Lawrence, both Protestant and Catholic. They were born fighters, and in the war of 1812 they all stood true to their old reputation of fighting to the last for the honour of the Motherland. After the war was over, these Scottish Highlanders of the St. Lawrence played an important part in developing our great lumbering industry, in the building of our great lines of railways, and the construction of our canals.

If to these Dutch, German, French, English, and Scottish pioneers we add the few original French Canadian settlers to be found in the West near Detroit, and also in the extreme east, we have the inhabitants of this province when the war of 1812 broke out. There were as yet but few Irish settlers; these were to come later in large numbers.

The people were of mixed origin, but they were true to British rule and true to their adopted country. I need not tarry to recall the war of 1812. The devotion of the people may be well understood when it is considered that Upper Canada was saved, although the fringe of settlement at that time numbered in all only seventy-five thousand persons.

The various nationalities that went to the making up of the pioneers of Ontario were so well blended together that a definite Upper Canadian type was produced. If one enquires into the genealogy of any of the older families in the frontier counties of Ontario, he will be surprised at their composite nature. Here and there some striking national characteristic will be noticed—cases of what is called *atavism*. My attention was recently attracted by the painstaking, plodding industry and intelligence manifested by a man engaged in a certain piece of work, his method and his manner attracted me as being out of the ordinary. My curiosity being aroused, I enquired of him as to his ancestry, and found he was German—Pennsylvania Dutch—that explained a great deal. So one may find an interesting study in working back some of his acquaintances to Dutch, French, German, or British sources.

I have referred thus somewhat fully to the early settlers for two reasons: First, because they were the first settlers, and long removed beyond the personal acquaintance of the present generation; and second, because I wished to show that a large amount of what some call foreign blood came into this province and has been absorbed, to the great advantage of the province. This is one of the striking characteristics of British rule—to take in peoples of varied nationalities and of most diverse habits and pecu-

liarities and turn them into patriotic Britishers.

Following in the wake of the 10,000 U. E. Loyalists came many of their friends and relatives who had not taken a determined stand or who had not been harried out of the country. From these additions and from natural family increase the 75,000 of 1812 became 84,000 in 1817 and 157,000 in 1825.

At this time the great stream of British immigration set in—England, Scotland, and Ireland all contributing. The causes of this movement were many. At the close of the war of 1812-14 many officers and soldiers settled down with their pensions in the new land that they had fought for. These were troublesome times in labour circles. There was failure of crops and there was the alluring prospect of free homes. Once the tide of emigration was directed thither, it grew of its own attracting force.

This movement was at its height in 1842 when the first census was taken, just after Upper and Lower Canada had been united into the Province of Canada. The population had grown from 157,000 in 1825 to 487,053 in 1842. By 1848 it had reached 725,879. I will give the population at the next five censuses for comparison.

1851..... 952,004
1861..... 1,696,091

1871..... 1,620,851
1881..... 1,926,922
1891..... 2,112,989

The present census population will probably be between 2,250,000 and 2,500,000.

The nativity of our population in 1851 may be of interest:

Canadian born, not French 526,093
Canadian born, French .. 26,417
Irish 176,267
English and Welsh 82,699
Scottish 75,811
United States..... 43,732
Other Provinces and Nfld.. 6,498
Other Countries 14,487

In the year 1851, "Canadian," it should be remembered, refers to only Ontario and Quebec—Upper and Lower Canada.

Space will not permit further details of this direct British immigration. It has only lately ceased. Many of these sturdy pioneers are still living, and doubtless often repeat the story to the grandchildren, a story that a generation hence will be again repeated and so handed down, for it is one full of interest.

Some historical aspects of this question I have taken up elsewhere, and perhaps I may be allowed to make the reference. The account will be found in the Appendix to the Report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for 1897, published in 1899, pp. 130-139.

WHAT CHRIST SAID.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."

He said, "No, walk in the town."

I said, "There are no flowers there."

He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the skies are black ;

There is nothing but noise and din."

And He wept as He sent me back ;

"There is more," He said ; "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun."

He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."

He answered, "Choose to-night
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given.

He said, "Is it hard to decide ?

It will not seem hard in heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide."

THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK FOR AFRICA.

BY BISHOP C. C. PENNICK, D.D.,

Formerly of the Protestant Episcopal Mission, Liberia.

The African, that wonderful, mixed fraction, that mysterious unknown "X" in the problems of humanity, the dark dweller in the valley of the shadow of death, that race which has till now responded so little and sluggishly to the wooing forces that have called into splendid development other races, what is his outlook? The answer seems almost self-evident. He must rise or fall in proportion to his final ability to awake and respond to the call of life and conditions of living that the twentieth century shall demand of him. The question what to do for and with the African, will call forth the best thought, and wisest planning, and strongest doing, yea, and it may be the most sacrificial living, that the Church has known for centuries.

What nation, so far, has presented the best results toward taking up the pagan African, arresting his downward tendency, stimulating him with strongest hope, and mustering him in greatest numbers and with best equipment to realize that hope, and become his best self and his greatest possible man among men? We ask what nation? For outside of national co-operation very little lasting progress has been achieved along these lines, though many precious lives have been offered, and, it may be, martyr-crowns have been won, by isolated scouts, or scouting parties of missionaries, whose light shone brightly as they lived, suffered, and wrought.

St. Paul left his life's work almost entirely in a civilization which was as a nursing mother. So must Africa have a nurturing civilization; as it were, an organism, through which the forces of Chris-

tianity will move, and eventually, it may be, create an African civilization all glorified with the life and saving power of Christ. Where can she look for this? Summing results, what nation has met this great need with widest hand and strongest and most successful application? The answer is, undoubtedly, "England." It would seem that the English have made more of the African than all other nations put together. Whatever gain her commerce has reaped from her colonies, and how hard the conditions may have been made that reaped this gain, it cannot be denied by intelligent students of the situation, that through the administration of English law, and under the protection of English government, the native African has advanced in greater numbers, and more splendid development, and penetrated further into the land of power and hope, than he has under the rule or sway of any other power.

Look at the Boers. Here is an experiment; where a branch of the white race have succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of climate, and made themselves a very strong, hopeful, and vigorous people, right in the heart of the "black man's" land. More than this; they have moved along the line of intense religiousness; their Bibles furnish their diplomatic language, and their hymn-books their battle songs. Yielding to their demand, the tropics are pouring out food for man and beast, and they seem firmly rooted in the soil of their adoption. What phenomena does all of this furnish, throwing light on the future of the African? Looked at from a distance, there has little

light or progress come to the black man from his Dutch neighbours. Lessons of honest, hard work, and content with simple modes of life, are probably being woven into the lives of the blacks about the Boers; and it may be that the lessons of a civilization so crude and simple may serve these children with the first primary steps short and easy enough for their untried feet to take, and by which they may advance better than by a higher civilization with its intricate and complicated divisions of labour, walled with many labour-saving machines.

What the French, the German, or any other nation or nations may make of the African when once he is under their tutorship and government, is a problem far more difficult to solve than was that of penetrating the "Dark Continent" in exploration or opening the road to its material wealth. That the strong nations of the earth must press into the resources of this long unworked continent, all know, who think. The development of these very nations calls for contributions that Africa alone can furnish; every increased pulsation of life within the rest of the world drives the circulation with quicker throb into Africa's sluggish veins; she can, she must, awake, arise, live.

If one would realize a little of this difficulty, let him but look into the experiment of developing the negro in the United States since his freedom. How to advance him until his intelligence and skill shall enable him to keep stride down the coming years with the white man already ahead of him by a thousand or more years, is what is confounding the philanthropist and clouding the horizon of hope before the black man himself. Yet, whatever difficulties this array of conditions may present, it seems certain that the black man must meet them. Hiding in the obscurity of the "Dark Continent" will not long protect him, nor defend him

against the inevitable consequences of failure to see and take his place in the developing forces of time.

So far the Anglo-Saxon man has come nearest furnishing the conditions for rising which the African seems able to grasp, and the English form of government has proved the most efficient for restraining, guiding, encouraging, recognizing, and assimilating the powers of the negro. It has gone deeper into the wilds of the continent and into the degradations of the race, and made from the crudest material the greatest number of best citizens (so far as we can see) of any of the nations. Of course, in making this statement, we leave out any account of the negroes that were once slaves within this or other countries, and raise no question about slavery in the long past having been a powerful factor in training lower civilization into the laws of the higher.

I would not for a moment in all of these statements and considerations forget Christianity. But I would insist upon pressing home upon the minds of men the fact, that God for the most part has used, and does use, nations, as transmitters of the forces of Christianity in forming nations. All real progress of races requires a government as truly as a creed; and it is Christianity working through Christian governments, that God does use for the making, moulding, and training of races into factors, fit and powerful, for the future's progress. Therefore we do believe that God will use, for the moulding and developing of the African, the government or governments who have advanced in the science of ruling nearest to the ideals of the Christ; and that just in proportion as the Africans respond to these ideals, they too shall be grafted into the great body of Christian life and living, and as they refuse they shall die.—The Missionary Review of the World.

SOME CANADIAN POETS.

BY LILIAN E. JORY.



W. W. CAMPBELL.

I.

It is a well-known fact that the greatest of our British poets have not been appreciated by the age in which they lived. Could Shakespeare or Milton or Goldsmith or Burns come back in spirit to this old world to-day, great would be their surprise at the fame which their matchless works have won. In the days of the immortal Shakespeare no play was worth more than a few pounds. We read of Robert Burns, the greatest of Scottish poets: "At last the light heart of Burns failed him—failed him because his salary as exciseman, which had never exceeded seventy pounds a year, was

reduced to half that beggarly sum, because he was so distressed for money that he was obliged to solicit a loan of a one-pound note from a friend."

Samuel Johnson tells us, when nearing the close of his career, which had been one long struggle with poverty, that he had won his fame "when most of those whom he had wished to please had sunk into the grave, and he had little to fear or to hope from censure or from praise."

Should not we Canadians profit by the history of the British literature of the past? Why should some of our most gifted poets die without enjoying the fame that they have fairly merited, with the consciousness that their life-work is unappreciated and a fear that that work has been wasted, in that it has failed to leave its impress upon their own times?

Already, in Canada, we are responsible for one broken heart, the result of neglect and lack of appreciation. The brilliant, talented Isabelle Valancy Crawford, whom Mr. Lighthall, compiler of the "Songs of the Great Dominion," places among the first of our Canadian poets, died in Toronto in the year 1887, before her poetical work was half appreciated. Her little book of poems, "Malcolm's Katie Old Spook's Pass, and Other Poems," was published just two years before her death, but failed to attract the attention which it deserved, and there is very little doubt but that her early death was hastened by the neglect of her work. She was proud and sensitive, and

many of us do not realize what neglect means to such a nature. Miss Crawford's poetry has an originality of style more striking than that of any other Canadian poet. There is nothing artificial about it. It seems to have been as natural for Miss Crawford to write verse as to breathe. Notice the rugged strength in her poem, "March," which reminds us of an old Norse saga:

"Tell what will bind thee,
Thou young world-shaker;
Up vault our oceans,
Down fall our forests.

"Ship-masts and pillars
Stagger and tremble,
Like reeds by the margins
Of swift-running waters.

"Men's hearts at thy roaring
Quiver like harebells
Smitten by hailstones,
Smitten and shaken."

And then note the tender grace and beauty of the contrast in the following lines:

"Past the horizon,
In the palm of a valley,
Her feet in the grasses,
There is a maiden.

"She smiles on the flowers,
They widen and redden,
She weeps on the flowers
They grow up and kiss her.

"She breathes in their bosom,
They breathe back, in odours,
Inarticulate homage,
Dumb adoration.

"She shall wreath them in shackles,
Shall weave them in fetters,
In chains shall she braid them,
And me shall she fetter."

"Malcolm's Katie" is an exquisite idyl of true love. The sonnet, "O Love will build his lily walls," introduced as a climax to this idyl by Miss Crawford, is the finest introduction of a sonnet into a long poem known, with the exception of the many instances of this in the poems of Tennyson.

Some of the friends and admirers of Miss Crawford are now collect-

ing funds to erect a monument to her memory. But this will not give to her country the work that she would most certainly have accomplished had not her life been cut off in its prime.

While speaking of work that has not received the reward which it deserves, we must not forget to mention the name of Charles Heavysege, author of the drama, "Saul." When this drama came out, in 1857, and a copy of it fell into the hands of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Heavysege was pronounced the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare. The North British Review of 1858 spoke of "Saul" as follows: "The work is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain." Yet Heavysege, who was originally a carpenter, then a printer and a journalist, lived a life of drudgery and poverty. He borrowed the money for the publication of his third edition of "Saul" from his friend, George Martin, and was never able to repay it. "Saul" unfortunately was not a financial success.

Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion" is an excellent collection of Canadian poems, but what Canadian school-boy or school-girl is familiar with it? or with Steadman's "Poets of the Victorian Era," and "Poets of America"? We have also an anthology of later Canadian verse by Wetherell, and one by Roberts, and we believe that Dr. Theodore H. Rand has prepared one which is to be entitled, "Treasury of Canadian Verse." The poetry of Roberts is a study in itself, so is that of Scott, Lampman, Bliss Carman, and William Wilfred Campbell, and the Hellenic poems of Roberts have obtained for him a growing recognition in the ranks of general English literature. His volume, "Orion, and Other Poems," published in 1880, won for him the

recognition of the best critics in the Anglo-Saxon literary world, and the friendship of Matthew Arnold, Edmund Clarence Steadman, and other distinguished men of letters.

Mr. Steadman gives Charles G. D. Roberts a place in his "Poets of the Victorian Era," and writes of him as follows: "Of a few rising British-Canadian poets, Roberts, the author of 'In Divers Tones,' seems to be foremost. His verse is thoughtful and finished, and conveys a hopeful expression of the native sentiment in a land so long only the child of the nations."



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

This foremost of Canadian poets ought to be no mean critic, then, of other Canadian verse, and we find that he writes as follows of his contemporary, Bliss Carman:

"In that irrepressible outburst of intellectual energy which has of late won for Canada a measure of recognition in the world of letters, Mr. Carman's work has played a large part. The characteristics of the Canadian school may perhaps be defined as a certain semi-sophistic worship of nature, combined with freshness

of vision and keenness to interpret the significance of the external world. These characteristics find intense expression in Mr. Carman's poems. And they find expression in an utterance so new and so distinctive that its influence is already active in the verse of his contemporaries. There are two terms which apply pre-eminently to Mr. Carman. These are *lyrist* and *symbolist*. His note is always the lyric note. The lyric cry thrills all his cadences. If it be true that poetry is the rythmical expression in words of thought fused in emotion, then in his work we are impressed by the completeness of the fusion. Every phrase is filled with lyric passion. At its best, the result is a poem which not only haunts the ear with its harmonies, but at the same time makes appeal to the heart and intellect."

Why should Roberts be obliged to seek in New York what he has failed to obtain in Canada, a true and just appreciation of his work, and the remuneration for that work which will enable him to devote his life to literature? Why should the soul of a Lampman, beating like an imprisoned bird of the wildwood against the bars of its cage, cry out:

"Oh, for a life of leisure and broad hours,
To think and dream, to put away small things,
This world's perpetual leaguer of dull naughts;
To wander like the bee among the flowers,
Till old age find us weary, feet and wings
Grown heavy with the gold of many thoughts."

Mr. Lighthall gives it as his opinion that the best poetry in American magazines is written by Canadians.

Why should not Canadians become thoroughly familiar with the works of Canada's most gifted sons? Who shall say that we may not possess a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Burns, a Tennyson?

Though our greatest poets are yet young, much of their work bears the stamp of genius of a high order. And why not? We are descended from the nation that produced a Chaucer, a Milton, a

Shakespeare, a Tennyson. We cannot but inherit their imperial spirit. Our national spirit has been developed by the deeds of heroes as noble as they who fell upon the field of Waterloo or Balaklava:

"Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!

Quebec, thy storied citadel,
Attests in burning song and psalm,
How here thy heroes fell!

"O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks, but iron front,
The battle broke in vain!

"Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the
cheers
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?"

"On soft Pacific slopes, beside
Strange floods that northward rave and
fall,
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide,
Thy sons await thy call.

"They wait, but some in exile, some
With strangers housed in stranger lands,
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands.

"O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams!"
—*Roberts.*

The mingling of such a variety of different races in our Canadian population results in a great variety of national characteristics for poetic delineation. There is the silent, meditative, despondent life of the red men: that dying race whose "pathetic passing" has been sung by Frederic George Scott in his "Wahonomin":

"Back westward, northward, ay,
Up to eternal winter 'neath the stars,
Our path must be in silence, till the snows
And sun and wind have bleached our
children's bones!
The Red must go! the axe, and plough,
and plough,
and plane
Are not for him. We perish with the pine,
We vanish in the silence of the woods;
Our footsteps, like the war-trail in the
snow,
Grow fainter while the new spring buds
with life."

Then, again, by Charles Mair, in his drama, "Tecumseh," and in "The Last Bison":

"All vanished! perished in the swelling sea
And stayless tide of an encroaching power,
Whose civil fiat, man-devouring still,
Will leave at last no wilding on the earth
To wonder at or love."

Then we have the gay, free, careless life of the French-Canadian habitants, with their merry old chansons: "En roulant ma boule," "Gai le Rosier," "Marianson," etc., and the Saxon force, the Celtic fire of which Roberts speaks in his "Canada," and which flash forth and ring out in the poems descriptive of early settlement life. Some of the finest of these are given us by Miss Crawford and Alexander McLachlan. The last-named poet has been called the Burns of Canada, and we are glad to know that, unlike the great Scottish poet from whom he derives this title, his genius has been recognized and rewarded to some extent by his fellow-countrymen. Canada is second to no other country in that rich and varied scenery that inspires the poetic fancy. Lofty mountains, "with their sandals of daisies and turbans of drift," vast prairies, those

"Gardens of the desert,
Unshorn fields boundless and beautiful
For which the speech of England has no
name;"

magnificent and stately forests, ablaze in their autumn "coats of many colours," of which McLachlan sings:

"See how the great old forest vies
With all the glory of the skies,
In streaks without a name;
And leagues on leagues of scarlet spires,
And temples lit with crimson fires,
And palaces of flame!
And domes on domes that gleam afar,
Through many a gold and crimson bar,
With azure overhead;
While forts with towers on towers arise
As if they meant to scale the skies
With banner bloody red;
And in the distance, far apart,
As if to shame man's proudest art

Cathedral arches spread ;
 While yonder ancient elm has caught
 A glory 'yond the reach of thought
 Upon his hoary head.
 But every object, far and wide—
 The very air is glorified—
 A perfect dream of bliss !
 Earth's greatest painters never could,
 Nor poet in inspired mood,
 Imagine aught like this."

Our great inland seas have a poet
 all their own, William Wilfred
 Campbell, who has given us his
 beautiful "Lake Lyrics," which
 are suggestive, in their rhymic
 music, of the ceaseless ebb and
 flow of the waters, their swish
 over pebbly beaches, and their
 caressing of rocky shores :

"There are miles and miles of water,
 That throb like a woman's breast,
 With a glad harmonious motion
 Like happiness caught at rest,
 As if a heart beat under
 In love with its own glad rest,
 Beating and beating forever
 Outward to east and to west."

And again,

"Blue, limpid, mighty, restless lakes,
 God's mirrors underneath the sky ;
 Low-rimmed in woods and mists where
 wakes,
 Through murk and moon, the marsh-bird's
 cry.
 Where ever on through drive and drift
 'Neath blue and grey, through hush and
 moan,
 Your ceaseless waters ebb and lift
 Past shores of century-crumbling stone."

Our river St. Lawrence, with its
 Thousand Isles, has been sung by
 one of our earliest Canadian poets,
 Charles Sangster, and that cataract
 of wonder, the mighty Niagara, by
 William Kirby.

The many varieties of climate in
 our Canadian Dominion add to the
 rich and varied beauty of its
 natural scenery—snow and frost in
 some regions—glittering icicles—
 delicate tracery upon our window-
 panes—great, sparkling, frosted
 forests, dazzlingly beautiful in the
 morning sun—illuminated palaces
 of ice. Then, again, peach-bloom,

acacia and sycamore trees, and
 roses in midwinter—surely ours' is
 the land of the poet's dream !

The Canadian poetry of to-day
 is distinguished not only by its
 culture and finish, but by its high
 moral tone. Our greatest poets
 seem to have studied the analogies
 existing between the mind and the
 common things upon which it
 looks ; to have pondered well the
 deep lessons of life, lessons of time
 and change and sorrow ; to have
 had visions of the spiritual through
 the material, the eternal, beyond



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

the frail, perishable things of sense
 that we can see and touch and feel
 here, and grasp and cling to as
 though for us they were the whole
 of life. Our poets of Canada,
 therefore, are worthy of their
 great mission—to open the eyes of
 men and women that they walk
 not through this great Palace
 'Beautiful asleep.

Of this great mission sings one
 of the purest and sweetest of our
 singers, one who has but recently

left us, and whose voice now
mingles in the harmony of the
"choir invisible" :

"Not to be conquered by these headlong
days
But to stand free: to keep the mind at
brood

On life's deep meaning, nature's attitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
At every thought and deed to clear the
haze

Out of our eyes, considering only this:
What man, what life, what love, what
beauty is,—

This is to live, and win the final praise.
Though strife, ill-fortune, and harsh
human need

Beat down the soul, at moments blind
and dumb

With agony; yet, patience!—there shall
come

Many great voices from life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and when few
men heed,

Murmurs and glimpses of eternity."
(*Lampman.*)

[We take the liberty of adding to Mrs.
Jory's sympathetic article a few extracts
from a couple of our Canadian poets,
who portraits we present.—ED.]

The refined and delicate features of
Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald are an index of
the refinement and delicacy of her song.
Miss Wetherald's poetry reminds us of a
clear-cut cameo relieved in exquisite
beauty against the more sombre back-
ground. For the background is some-
what sombre, and a pervasive pensiveness
characterizes many of her poems. They
are specially marked by a deep sympathy
with nature and keen interpretation of
her various moods. The very first poem
furnishes the key-note to her dainty vol-
ume—"The House of The Trees, and
Other Poems."

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood. . . .

"Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

A pensive vein is shown in a delicate
poem on "Pine Needles."

"Here where the pine tree to the ground
Lets slip its fragrant load,
My footsteps fall without a sound
Upon a velvet road.

"O poet pine, that turns thy gaze
Alone unto the sky,
How softly on earth's common ways
Thy sweet thoughts fall and lie!

"So sweet, so deep, seared by the sun,
And smitten by the rain,
They pierce the heart of every one
With fragrance keen as pain."



ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The close observation and the beautiful
figures of the poems, "A Midday in Mid-
summer," and, "A Summer Rain," strike
us as very delicate and beautiful.

"The sky's great curtains downward steal,
The earth's fair company
Of trees and streams and meadows feel
A sense of privacy.

"Upon the vast expanse of heat
Light-footed breezes pace;
To waves of gold they tread the wheat,
They lift the sunflower's face. . . .

"The weeds and grass on tiptoe stand,
A strange exultant thrill
Prepares the dazed uncertain land
For the wild tempest's will.

"The wind grows big and breathes aloud
As it runs hurrying past;
At one sharp blow the thunder-cloud
Lets loose the furious blast. . . .

"Then comes a momentary lull.
The darkest clouds are furled.
And lo, new washed and beautiful
And breathless gleams the world."

The music and love of nature of the following lines have nowhere been surpassed in our Canadian verse :

"How far we roamed away from
her,
The tender mother of us all :
Yet 'mid the city's noises stir
The sound of birds that call and
call.
Wind melodies that rise and
fall
Along the perfumed woodland
wall
We looked upon with child-
hood's eyes ;
The ugly streets are all a blur,
And in our hearts are homesick
cries."

The pervading pensiveness be-
comes too poignant in the ex-
quisite sonnet on "October."

"O warm, outspoken earth, a
little space
Against thy beating heart
my heart shall beat,
A little while they twain shall
bleed and burn,
And then the cold touch and
the gray, gray face,
The frozen pulse, the drifted
winding-sheet,
And speechlessness and the
chill burial urn."

Dr. E. Jakeway, of Barrie,
has written a number of patri-
otic poems, reciting heroic epi-
sodes in Canadian history. One of the
most striking of these records the daring
exploit of Laura Secord, a brave Canadian
woman who, during the war of 1812,
walked alone through the wilderness from
her home on the Niagara River to the
British post at Beaver Dam, a distance of
twenty miles, to give warning of the in-
vasion of an American force. In conse-
quence of this courageous act nearly the
whole of the invading party were captured.
The Prince of Wales, when in Canada,
visited Laura Secord, then a very old

lady, and gave her a handsome present.
The first and last stanzas of Jakeway's
stirring poem are as follows :

On the sacred scroll of glory
Let us blazon forth the story
Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fer-
vid pen of fame ;



CHARLES E. JAKEWAY.

So that all the world may read it,
And that every heart may heed it,
And rehearse it through the ages to the
honour of her name.

Braver deeds are not recorded
In historic treasures hoarded.
Than the march of Laura Secord through
the forest long ago ;
And no nobler deed of daring
Than the cool and crafty snaring
By the band of Beaver Dam of all that well-
appointed foe "

Like this clear sunshine, let Thy love
Shine down on me to-day.
Shelter my soul, thou brooding Dove,
Like these warm skies, I pray.

There is no brightness on the earth,
No glory in the sky,

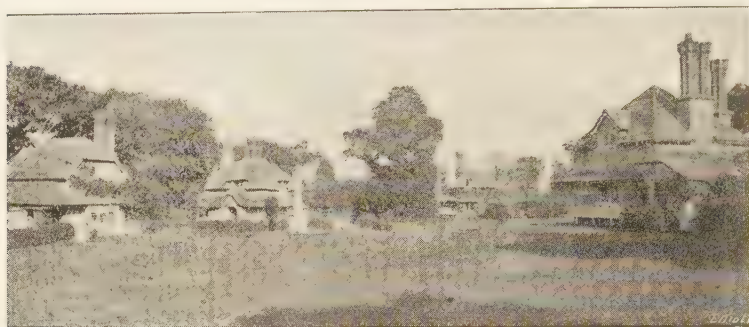
No peace in rest, no joy in mirth,
Except when Thou art nigh.

Thou art in all that Thou hast made.
Oh, let me see Thee there ;
Dear Lord, be Thou my Sun, my Shade,
My Saviour everywhere.

—Lucy Larcom.

GEORGE MÜLLER: A LIFE OF TRUST.

BY JOHN LATHERN, D.D.



HENBURY COTTAGES, BRISTOL.

According to Robert Hall, it is a homage due to departed worth, whenever it has become so conspicuous as to render its possessor worthy of attention, that an attempt should be made to perpetuate some reflection of its living lustre. Then, surely, George Muller, of Bristol, founder of the Ashley Down Orphan Houses, ought to have some fitting memorial, and an adequate record of his witness to a prayer-hearing God.

Dr. Pierson's volume is, therefore, a welcome and valuable contribution to the literature to which it belongs. An autobiography, entitled, "The Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller," written by his own hand, and an account of missionary tours prepared by his wife, supplemented by annual reports, afford abundant material, all the more valuable because it is the story of Mr. Muller's life and life-work, minutely complete, and stamped by his own individuality.

For two reasons the life of George Muller, Bristol, was undertaken by Dr. Pierson: that the facts might be set forth, not so much with reference to chronologi-

cal order, as for the sake of lessons to be furnished, illustrated by spiritual principles; and because, in the second place, no man so humble as he would ever write of himself what after his departure we might need to know, and thus glorify God in him.*

Following marked periods, as far as space in this sketch may permit, we have:

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS NEW BIRTH OR CONVERSION, 1805-25.

This period of twenty years is in

* Mrs. Lathern's own home was in Fredericton, N.B., but five years of her early life were spent at a boarding-school in Bristol, West of England. Miss Muller, the only daughter of George Muller, afterwards Mrs. Wright, was a pupil of the same school, and between them a close intimacy grew up, such as school-girls form, kept up later by means of correspondence. Mrs. Lathern frequently heard George Muller preach. She with her friend was a visitor at his parsonage and noted many signs of straitened circumstances and of rigid self-denial. Often their walks took the direction of Ashley Down, the site of the Orphan Houses, on the Clifton side.

After reading Dr. Pierson's "Life of George Muller," my wife's remark was: "I believe it all, both in regard to Mr. Muller's personality and the remarkable facts which find record, and I do not think that any of the statements made in the book are too strong."

the main a record of flagrant sin, with some glimpses of more creditable work as a student. It forms a background of deep shadow, and but for important lessons would not be a pleasant thing to read. Certainly the great saintliness attained to by George Muller was not the product of evolution, determined by heredity or environment. It was rather, as emphasized by his biographer, the outcome of a revolution as marked and complete as any of which the annals of salvation tell; from the conversion of Saul of Tarsus until now.

It is not merely, as in other cases, that young Muller was borne down by temptation or was swayed by passionate impulses. His career up to twenty years of age exhibited deep depravity and an utter disregard of moral sense. He became an expert at cheating, lying, and thievery. On the night of his mother's death, her boy of fourteen was reeling through the streets drunk. On the eve of confirmation he was guilty of gross and scandalous sins. Appointed to collect dues from his father's debtors, he spent the money in a fraudulent manner, concealing the fact that the debts had been paid. At sixteen, accomplished in crime, he found himself, for cheating, in a felon's cell.

Even when he began to prosecute with earnestness and success his university studies, he was at the same time leading a false and fraudulent life; forging what he afterwards called a whole chain of lies. We have no satisfaction in tracing the course of these years, spent in sin, and the story might have been passed by but for the striking way in which it brings into relief the abounding grace of God.

But now we come, in a way scarcely to have been anticipated, to a new experience. On a memorable Saturday night, November,

1825, George Muller found himself with a few friends met for reading the Word of God and for spiritual fellowship. That was the turning-point of his history. He breathed a spiritual atmosphere, and was deeply moved. After singing a hymn, a brother knelt in prayer. Such a scene of kneeling before God in prayer he had never before witnessed. An indelible impression was made upon his mind. Now it could be said of the Halle student, "Behold, he prayeth." The Holy Spirit breathed sweet peace and rest into his soul. That Saturday night was the parting of the ways for George Muller, and never in after life did he cease to magnify redeeming grace.

As in the case of Luther, Wesley and others, whose hearts have been strangely warmed, that fact held in it the germ of all that followed in marvellous sequence. Over a life of extraordinary consecration and the Orphanage movement, otherwise inexplicable, it throws the luminous light of heavenly law.

FROM CONVERSION TO LIFE-WORK, RUNNING OVER A PERIOD OF TEN YEARS, 1825-35.

In the closet and in the companionship of believers, George Muller came to find at once the secret of holy life and service. At the date of his conversion, he was engaged in a literary work, which was expected to prove remunerative. The manuscript was completed, but never published. He saw that it would not be for the glory of God, and it was burned. This act of self-denial is noted as a decisive step towards a course of implicit surrender to the Spirit of God: a feature which became conspicuous in his spiritual life, and always evidenced in its outworking the courage of his convictions.

Another marked step in his preparation for extraordinary work

was the discovery of the preciousness and uplifting power of God's Word. Up to the hour of his conversion he never read the Bible, had not even a copy in his possession. It became to him now a revelation of God in Christ Jesus, and filled his life with purest love. From a few comprehensive passages, such as, "God so loved the world," he obtained his first deep insight into the philosophy of the plan of salvation. The centre of theology he found in the Atonement, the blood and righteousness

suffered to go into Bithynia because Macedonia in its need was waiting for his ministry. The discipline of disappointment proved to be a salutary one.

George Muller preached his first sermon in 1826. He "got through" a painful memoriter effort, and was asked to preach again in the afternoon. But he had no second sermon. He must keep silent or trust to the Lord for help. The Beatitudes of Jesus, as given by St. Matthew, were read, and a simple exposition attempted.



MULLER'S ORPHANAGES, BRISTOL.

of Christ. The reading of missionary journals kindled a new flame in his soul, the inspiration of spiritual enterprise.

An application for employment was made to the Berlin Missionary Society, but not accepted. Disappointment followed in regard to other fields of foreign work. His whole after life, as shown by Dr. Pierson, proved that God had for him an entirely different plan of life, and he was to receive a commission for wider witness for the Lord Jesus. St. Paul was not

Soon his heart was enlarged, and his lips opened to purpose. An unction of the Holy One rested upon him, and his preaching was with power. Here was another mark of gracious guidance. This was the true way to preach, and he kept the same line to the end of his ministry. That service gave direction and tone to pulpit and pastoral work. From henceforth he began to be known, not as an eloquent man, remarkable for chasteness and balance of speech, or any splendid colouring of style,

but as ranking amongst the simplest and most Scriptural preachers in the land.

About the same time there came another experience, most significant in its influence upon his distinctive life-work. He resided for a few months in the Halle Orphanage. That institution, founded by Francke, was a standing monument of God's answer to prayer. The lesson was not lost on Muller. It is easy to trace a relation between Halle and Bristol. A pattern and form of work, and a sense of the might of dependence on prayer, as brought before him in the Francke Orphan Houses, were unconsciously taking shape in his mind.

In the meantime his thought turned to outcast Israel. In more than one direction doors seemed to open for a mission to the Jews. But unexpected difficulties came up to block the way. Another conviction took possession of his mind, and became an important factor in his life. The first missionaries of the Cross at Antioch were called of the Holy Ghost to special work. Might it not be wrong and unscriptural, aside from Divine plan and purpose, to wait for his fellow-men to assign for him a field of labour? Following an inward light, as he then believed, he was drawn to a mission to the Jews in London. But soon the link was severed which bound him to the society.

Acting up to what he regarded as Divine guidance, loyal to conviction, counting no cost, he must stipulate conditions of service. He resolved to labour for no Society, unless without salary, and on condition of following his own methods and of choosing the field where the Lord might seem to direct. Clearly such a man would cause trouble in any definitely organized enterprise. It cannot be matter for marvel that the directors of that London Mission to the Jews

felt it inexpedient to employ those missionaries who were unwilling to submit to their guidance in respect to appointed operations. But George Muller's case was an exceptional one. He was being led along a way that he knew not, called and qualified to do a great and special work for God and for the Church of God.

Early in 1830 Mr. Muller became the minister of a congregation at Teignmouth. Some misgivings with which he began the pastorate at that place soon ripened into a conviction that he ought not to receive any stated salary. Support must be voluntary. At the same time, he reminded his people of their privilege and duty to minister carnal things to those who serve them in things spiritual; another way of putting the salary question, but proving in this case to be influential and far-reaching in its issues. The step then taken meant the acceptance of voluntary poverty for Christ's sake. Henceforth he must know both how to abound and to suffer need. But to this path of self-sacrifice he steadfastly and joyfully adhered. He had cast himself on the care of God.

He came to understand the secret of prayer, in direct dependence upon God. Nor did his life of trust ever in the end prove to be an illusion or mistake. In fifty thousand cases he calculated that he could trace distinct answers to definite prayers, as well as multitudes of instances in which God's care was not distinctly traced. No demur need be made to the biographer's statement, that if few men have ever been permitted so to trace down to the smallest matters God's care over His children, it is because few have so completely abandoned themselves to that care.

A settled habit of Mr. Muller's life was never to contract debts, either for personal needs or for the

Lord's work. This decision was reached on what he regarded as personal grounds. He and his wife agreed to suffer starvation, if need be, rather than to buy upon credit.

In close relation to this law of life was the resolve not to regard any money in his hands, entrusted to him for specific work, or designated to a definite use, as any longer his own, not to be used

swerved, and was thus saved from the thorny path of new and cumulative embarrassments.

LED BY GOD INTO A NEW
SPHERE.

The third section of George Muller's life, dating from 1835, and running on to 1875, a period of forty years, embraces the actual working out of the special mission which crowned his course. By a



CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, BRISTOL.

even temporarily for any other end or object than that for which it had been given or set apart. Thousands of times, in the course of half a century, he found himself in financial straits, when a diversion of funds in his hands for a time would have brought immediate relief, and an easy solution of pressing financial difficulties. But from the straight line of definite and determined principle he never

series of manifestly providential events he was led to a pulpit charge in Bristol. With that commercial city of the west of England, for the long space of sixty-six years, his name came to find an inseparable association.

After much preparation, valuable as discipline, in December, 1835, he took his first formal step for opening an orphanage. It was a day of small and feeble things, and

though not to be despised, few could have dreamed of the magnificent results to which so slight a beginning would lead. Hitherto he had not prayed for money or for helpers in the project. But, encouraged by Scriptural promises, regarded as applicable to the case, he now took God into partnership. Boldly he asked for a thousand pounds in money for a building, and for suitable helpers to take charge of the orphan children.

The first gift in money was one shilling. Somewhat later came an offer of helpers. Two persons proposed to give themselves to orphanage work, and that without salary. They believed that if the movement were of God, He would supply their needs. From that time, through all the expansion of the enterprise, there was never a lack of competent and consecrated helpers. Money began to flow in for building purposes. A house was provided. Helpers were at hand. But where were the orphans? Not one had offered. The founder of the house had never yet asked the Lord to send orphans.

This fact led to deep humiliation before God, and to earnest supplication. The next day there was one applicant for admission. In a few days from the date of that season of prayer, there were twenty-six orphans in the house, and more expected. Seven months later, a second house was opened, and by April, 1837, there were sixty orphans in the two houses. Two other houses were opened at later dates in the same street.

In 1845, the pillar of cloud moved in a new direction. It led from a crowded street to an open, spacious and breezy suburb. The building of the first Orphan Houses on Ashley Down proved to be an epochal event, and like a pillar of light could be seen from afar. After patient and prevailing prayer had been offered for funds, one thousand pounds was received to-

wards a new erection. Mr. Muller was led to Ashley Down for a suitable site, and several acres of land were secured. A house was at once erected at a cost of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, for the accommodation of three hundred and thirty orphans.

The work was undertaken with a limited amount of money in hand, no personal property to fall back upon, but with strong faith in God, and the sense of an inexhaustible treasury to be drawn upon at need. George Muller had a strong assurance that the orphanage work was of God, and that God would so manifestly vouchsafe all needed supply as to make it clear that he was but an instrument for working out the Divine purpose. That Bristol Orphanage, crowning Ashley Down, was to be God's house. When opened, all necessary funds had been forthcoming. Faith in God had found ample warrant for continued exercise.

Believing that he was being moved by the Holy Ghost thereunto, Mr. Muller attempted still greater things for God. He felt a strong desire that instead of three hundred, a thousand orphans might be provided for, that they might receive spiritual instruction and training for industrial life. But such an extension would involve an additional expenditure of thirty-five thousand pounds—one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars—and an annual outlay of forty thousand dollars. But the all-sufficiency of God was an unfailing resource. A potent and ever-present consideration was that an enlarged undertaking, monumental in Christendom, beneficent and unselfish in its aims, wholly dependent upon God, would afford a correspondingly brighter witness to the Hearer of Prayer.

On January 4, 1851, an offering of fifteen thousand dollars was received, the largest up to that date. This was Mr. Muller's encourage-



ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, BRISTOL.

ment to go forward. In November, 1856, the second new Orphan House was opened on Ashley Down, having a capacity for four hundred additional orphans, and with still a balance in hand. Prayer brought new helpers as they were needed. Orphan House No. 3 was opened November 12, 1862, with over fifty thousand dollars in hand for current expenses. November 5, 1868, was signalized by the opening of the Orphan House No. 4, and January 6, 1870, by that of Orphan House No. 5. Still a balance of several thousand

pounds remained in the Lord's treasury for general purposes. Thus the orphanage work received its complete outfit.

An illustrative page of Dr. Pier-son's volume shows to good advantage the site and the spaciousness of the five Orphan Houses on Ashley Down. The magnitude of these buildings impresses every visitor. There are over two thousand inmates. The houses are built of stone, being substantial and made to last. The stamp of utility is everywhere seen. There is no ornament. In buildings erected as

a charitable foundation, there could be no expenditure for mere architectural display. Do the annals of Christian enterprise show anything more wonderful than the record of those five Ashley Down Orphan Houses? May they long stand to the greater glory of God and the weal of humanity!

We are not to suppose that Mr. Muller achieved the great results of his life without ordeals of faith. He had experience of frequent and prolonged financial straits. The money needed for the support of thousands of orphans was furnished at certain periods from day to day, in a way to test faith in God. Dependence was for daily bread. Often there was not enough of food or funds in hand for one meal. But to the glory of God it is testified that not once had the Divine promise failed, nor have the orphans ever gone hungry or lacked any good thing.

What may seem more remarkable, through all these years there was never, in published report or narrative of the Lord's dealings, any appeal for aid. Helpers were not permitted to make known the straitened condition of the Orphanage, whatever the exigency might be. At a time of urgent need, the usual annual statement was withheld, lest it should be regarded as an appeal for help. Even when asked by generous men with means to disburse, if the Orphan Houses were in need of funds, Mr. Muller declined to give information that would have brought immediate and much-needed succour. He wished that there should be one only resource, prayer to God.

Space fails to summarize the details of George Muller's missionary tours, the narratives of the Lord's dealings with him, or the multifarious duties of his protracted pastorate at Bristol. Mr. Muller died at the advanced age of eighty-eight. His departure was a trans-

lation rather than death. He was not, for God took him.

An objection was raised in the early history of the Ashley Down Orphan Houses: "What if you should succeed in housing and feeding a thousand poor waifs, what would become of the institution after the founder's death?" The reply was, "My business is with all my might to serve my own generation, by the will of God, and by so doing, I shall best serve the next generation, should the Lord Jesus tarry."

It may be well to close with an extract from *The Review of Reviews*, which shows that during the last year, "in answer to believing prayer, and without a single application to any human being for pecuniary help," the sum of nearly thirty thousand pounds, close on to \$150,000, had been received; four-fifths for orphanage work, and the rest for other objects of the institution.

"The original workmen, Mr. Muller and Mr. Craig," says Dr. Pierson, "are both gone, but the work goes on; and Mr. James Wright and Mr. G. F. Bergin are carrying it on upon exactly the same lines as before, and with the same experience of blessing. It has thus been demonstrated that the work was independent of even the striking and positive personality of that really great man—George Muller—that it was founded not on a man, but on a method; not on a person, but on a principle, and that God is the same God to all those who follow the same Scriptural and spiritual laws which the Divine Master has both framed and published as His spiritual code. There has been a true succession, and hence a continued success. These brethren, upon whom has fallen the mantle of this Elijah, have stood by the waters and called on Elijah's God and expected continued interposition of His power."

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

BY HATTIE E. WOODSWORTH.



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Carlyle says, "All things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world; the soul of the world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these."

One of the world's great men, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, has been the very soul of the great social reforms of Britain during the nineteenth century, and the promotion of these reforms was the chief object of his life. Of the masses of England he was the

darling, the hero, respected, beloved, and venerated, for his supreme aim was to ennoble the life of his fellow-man. For this end no sacrifice was too great, no task too difficult, nor, on the other hand, was any service too small and insignificant. Honours of State, luxuries of home, personal ambition, time for literary and scientific pursuits, all these were set aside that he might the better serve his generation.

When a young man he wrote these words in his journal, and they are the key to a life of marvellous usefulness: "I have been considering my future career. The first principle, God's honour; the second, man's happiness; the means, prayer and unrelenting diligence."

Not from his father or his mother did he receive the inspiration of his life, but from a lowly domestic in the family, who taught the little child to love the Saviour. "The greatest man that England has ever produced," says one, "was this Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, and he was brought to Christ by a humble, unlettered servant girl."

An incident occurred when he was a school-boy of fourteen that led to his definitely deciding upon a philanthropic career. One day he saw a noisy party of four or five drunken men carrying in a roughly-made casket the body of one of their comrades for burial. No mourner was there. He was about

to be laid in his last, long resting-place with horrible indignities. At the sight young Ashley exclaimed, "Can this be permitted simply because the man was poor and friendless?" That very hour he determined to make the cause of the poor his own.

His first political appointment was on the India Board. Here, in spite of strong opposition and insult, he laboured until he had secured the abolition of sutteeism, that horrible practice of burning the widow on the funeral pile of her husband.

In 1830, at the age of twenty-nine, he married the daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, a woman of most beautiful and noble character. For forty years, in times of difficulty and discouragement, in times of victory and hope, she was a constant inspiration to her husband in his great life-work. His friend, Lord Granville, referring to this period, says: "He was a singularly fine-looking man. He had that striking presence and those manly good looks which, I believe, help a man more than we sometimes think, and they helped him when he endeavoured to inspire his humble fellow-countrymen with his noble nature."

The first great evil claiming Lord Ashley's attention on his entering Parliament was the appalling condition of pauper lunatics. There still lingered in the public mind the old idea that lunacy was in some way connected with evil spirits, and the poor, afflicted creatures, if even suspected of being dangerous to the public, were confined in places of horrible cruelty. They were chained to the walls of dark cells, and given only straw to lie upon. Some were submitted to the awful punishment of revolving at great speed in a rotary chair. Some were chained in wells, and the water made slowly to rise until it

reached the chin. Life was for them lamentable in the extreme.

Parliament of 1828 passed a bill providing for the appointment of fifteen commissioners to investigate the condition of these unfortunates. In the following year Lord Ashley became chairman of the commission, and in this office remained for fifty-seven years, until his death. He was devoted to the cause of these unhappy fellow-creatures, and through his untiring efforts great reforms were effected in their behalf.

The condition of the working-man, during the early part of this century, was one of cruel oppression, of ignorance, and low morality. The factory system initiated little children, sometimes not more than five years of age, into the horrors of a life spent amid the bewildering din of machinery, and in the harsh surroundings of never-ending toil. Large numbers of children were drafted from the workhouses of London, Edinburgh, and other great cities, and placed in the mills as apprentices, where, at the discretion of sordid overseers, they were worked unmercifully and brutally treated. Child jobbers went through the country buying up children, only to sell them again into the slavery of the factory. Poor little creatures! There was for them no court of appeal, no chance of escape. When at last their apprenticeship was ended, after long years of weary toil, averaging fourteen hours a day, they were legally freed, only to find that they had not been taught a trade, as was promised, and that they had to enter again upon the hated life of their earlier years.

Some attempt had been made to better the condition of these unfortunate operatives, and the great work of factory legislation had already begun, when Lord Ashley

was requested to espouse the cause of the factory people. This would mean, he well knew, sacrifice, opposition, unpopularity. He consulted with his noble wife, vividly portraying the dark side of the picture. "It is your duty to go forward," she said, "and the consequences we must leave to God."

Thus encouraged, he entered upon the work, making a careful study of existing conditions. "I made it an invariable rule," he said, "to see everything with my own eyes, to take nothing on trust or hearsay. In factories I examined the mills, the machinery, the homes, and saw the work and workers. In collieries I went down into the pits. In London I went into lodging-houses, and thieves' haunts, and every filthy place. It gave me a power I could not otherwise have had. I could speak of things from actual experience, and I used often to hear things from the poor sufferers themselves which were invaluable to me. I got to know their habits of thought and action and their actual wants. I sat and had tea and talked with them hundreds of times."

After fourteen years of hard work, years of difficulty, opposition, and disappointment, his efforts were rewarded. Legislation was secured, which brought new hope to thousands of factory operatives, hitherto sunk in the depths of ignorance and despair.

In his "History of Factory Legislation," Mr. Philip Grant says: "The sacrifice made by Lord Ashley can only be appreciated by those who best understood the pecuniary position of this noble-minded man. He had, at that time, a large and increasing family, with an income not equal to many of our merchants' and bankers' servants, and a position as the future representative of an ancient and aristocratic family to maintain. Political power, patronage, social

ties, family comforts, were laid down at the feet of the factory children, and freely given up to the sacred cause of which he had become the leader."

The miserable lives of the poor, abused little chimney-sweeps appealed to the great loving heart of this noble man. Little fellows of from four to eight years of age were forced by cruel masters to climb up long, narrow, winding passages to clear away the soot. Bruised by the hard walls, often half-stifled with gas, their skin choked with soot, they frequently became victims of a loathsome disease known as "chimney-sweep's cancer." For these poor little creatures Lord Ashley devoted himself, nor did his efforts cease until a bill was passed forbidding the employment of climbing boys.

For another large class of working people, those employed in the mines, his practical love and sympathy were manifested. Children who should have been playing in the glad, free sunshine, or studying in the school, were forced down into dark and dangerous underground passages, and allowed to come up to the sunshine but once a week. Many a sensitive little creature, unable to resist the terrors of a living grave, lost the power of reason, and became a pitiable idiot. Women and boys and girls did the work of beasts of burden. Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, if indeed life still remained, did they toil amid the horrors of earth's depths. But these poor toilers Lord Ashley claimed as his brothers and sisters, and for them the day of hope was at length to dawn. In his speech in the House of Commons, asking for an investigation of these things, he says: "I have been bold enough to undertake this task because I regard the objects of it as beings created as ourselves, by the same Maker, re-

deemed by the same Saviour, and destined to the same immortality."

Again, after long anxiety, was his perseverance rewarded, for a bill was passed excluding women and children from the coal-pits.

When, in 1851, Lord Ashley's father died, and he became Earl of Shaftesbury, he wrote: "And now I bear a new name which I did not covet; and enter on a new career, which may God guide and sanctify! If I can by His grace make the new name attain but to the fringes of His honour, and the welfare of mankind, I shall indeed be thankful."

In that same year he took his place in the House of Lords. On leaving the House of Commons, Sir Robert Inglis spoke of him thus:

"During the last fifteen years of Lord Ashley's parliamentary life he has been emphatically the friend of the friendless. Every form of human suffering he has, in his place in this House, sought to lighten; and out of this House his exertions have been such as, at first sight, might have seemed incompatible with his duties here. But he found time for all, and when absent from his place on these benches he was enjoying no luxurious ease; but was seated in the chair of a Ragged School meeting, a Scripture-readers' Association, or a Young Men's Christian Institution."

For years the problem of how to reclaim the ever-increasing number of waifs and vagrants in the great Metropolis had been before the mind of Lord Shaftesbury. So far as he knew, nothing was being done in this direction. But his prayers were to be answered. One day, in the year 1843, he read in the London Times an appeal from the Field Lane Ragged School for teachers and funds, in support of a work carried on among the very poor, providing them with religious instruction. He immediately replied, and from that day became the leader of the Ragged School movement.

Field Lane, where this work was

carried on, was one of the worst districts of London, the resort of the most notorious evil-doers. Into its dens of iniquity Lord Shaftesbury penetrated, impelled by an intense love for man, though blighted and degraded by sin.

Under his direction were established—

"A free day-school for infants; an evening school for youths and adults; a woman's evening school to teach house-keeping and other domestic arts; industrial classes to teach youths tailoring and shoemaking; a home for boys; a night refuge for the utterly destitute; a clothing society for the naked; a distribution of bread to the starving; baths for the filthy; Bible-classes, through which about ten thousand persons were brought to know the gospel story; a school missionary, who scoured the streets and brought in the wanderers; and a Ragged Church for the worship of God."

A Ragged School Union was formed, and to this union in seven years after its organization one hundred new schools were added.

Day and night the needs of the Ragged School children were upon Lord Shaftesbury's mind. He aroused public opinion on their behalf, revealing a condition of things of which people had never dreamed. He visited the schools, sought the people in their miserable homes, and won their confidence and love.

For the children he had a special love, perhaps because his own soul was so pure, his trust in the heavenly Father so simple and child-like. He used to say that the greatest compliment he ever received came from a little child. One day, while standing at a street crossing in the heart of London, he spied a little girl wishing to cross, but afraid to go alone. Anxiously she had looked in the faces of one and another, then, with a trustful smile, slipped her little hand into Lord Shaftesbury's, saying, "Will you please carry me over?"

The effect of his work in connection with the Ragged Schools cannot be estimated.

"The Refuge and Reformatory Union, which was an outgrowth of the Ragged School movement, ultimately came to have five hundred and eighty-nine homes, accommodating fifty thousand children! Three hundred thousand children were brought under the influence of the society.

In that army of lawless, ignorant street arabs was the embryo of an English Revolution, which in development would have turned the peaceful kingdom into a battlefield of terror and bloodshed."

By means of Lord Shaftesbury's emigration schemes, hundreds of boys, to whom he was indeed a father, were sent to a new land, there to gain an honest livelihood far away from the temptations of their old environments.

"A class of people in whom he took a lively interest were the costermongers. The highest ambition of a coster was to own a donkey and truck; but the little capital necessary must be obtained from money-lenders who charged an exorbitant rate of interest. Lord Shaftesbury became for them a sort of banker, loaned them money at a low rate of interest, encouraged them to deal as they would be dealt by, organized a Barrow and Donkey Club, and, that he might himself become a member, bought a barrow and donkey which he loaned to those who were unfortunate. Happy and proud was the man to whom these were entrusted.

"He styled himself 'coster,' delighting to make them feel that he was one with them. He told them to write to him if at any time they had grievances that he might be able to redress. 'But where shall we send our letters?' asked one. 'Address your letter to me at Grosvenor Square, and it will reach me,' he replied; 'but if after my name you put "K.G. and Coster," there will be no doubt that I shall get it.' Truly it was a strange combination, Knight of the Garter and Coster."

The home-life of this great man was singularly happy and beautiful, and the sympathy of his family for their noble father in his labours for the suffering was to him a source of true joy. In 1872 came the great sorrow of his life, the death

of his wife, who for so many years had strengthened, encouraged him, and been his true helpmeet amid opposition and discouragement. In his journal is the pathetic record of his grief:

"Minnie, my own Minny, is gone. God took her soul to Himself at about twelve o'clock this morning. She has entered into her rest, and has left us to feel the loss of the purest, gentlest, kindest spirit that ever lived. O my God, what a blow! But we bow before Thee in resignation and sorrow. She whispered to me, 'None but Christ.' What do I not owe to her and to Thee, O God, for the gift of her? But now to-night will be a terrible event. For the first time I must omit in my prayers the name of my precious Minny."

To have accomplished any one of his great reforms would have made Lord Shaftesbury a benefactor to the race, but that one man should uplift and ennoble the lives of so many classes of his fellowmen, shedding upon them the light of his great, loving soul, is nothing less than marvellous. Thousands upon thousands of his own generation rose up to call him blessed. "The statute-books showed that his service had benefited a population of two million and five hundred persons." But God alone knows how many lives he saved of which the statute-books know nothing.

What was the secret of his success? Faith in God, and untiring devotion to his cause, faith in man, and a burning love for his fellow-man in his distress. At one time he wrote: "Let no one ever despair of a good cause for want of helpers. Let him persevere, persevere, persevere, and God will raise him up friends and assistants."

Though in his work he had met with much antagonism from public men of note, "many who had bitterly opposed his work in his earlier years, became his warm ad-

mirers in the later part of his life," and his eightieth birthday was celebrated as a national event.

His sympathies were broad as humanity. The Jews found in him an influential friend. For the heathen Chinaman, subjected by the Christian Englishman to the accursed opium trade, he pleaded with marvellous power, pleaded that from the fair banner of his country that foul stain might be removed. Wherever a human soul was in need, there did his love go forth to help and heal.

A short time before his death he said to a friend: "I feel old age creeping on, and know I must soon die. I hope it is not wrong to say it—but I cannot bear to leave this world with all the misery in it."

But the time for his reward was at hand. In October, 1885, he was released from a life of service here, to a fuller life of service in the world beyond. The heart of a nation was moved to tears. From rich and poor, from the great and from the lowly, from the throne and from the humble toiler's home, were heard the words of loving gratitude and sorrow.

"As the funeral carriages passed into Parliament Street, a sight was seen which will never be forgotten while this generation lasts—deputations from the Homes and Refuges and training-ships, from the costermongers' society, from missions and charities, each with their craped banners emblazoned with

such words as these, 'Naked, and ye clothed me,' 'A stranger, and ye took me in.' As the procession passed, the deputations fell in, and marched towards the Abbey.

"Rarely, if ever, had there been such a company assembled in Westminster Abbey as on that day. Royalty was represented, the Church, both Houses of Parliament, diplomacy, municipal power, society, were represented. But the real importance of that enormous gathering, filling every inch of space, lay in the spontaneous homage of the thousands of men and women representing all that was powerful for good in the whole land. The Abbey was full of mourners. Never before in the memory of living men had there been brought together, at one time, in one place, and with one accord, so many workers for the common good, impelled by a deep and tender sympathy in a common loss. For no other man in England, or in the world, could such an assembly have been brought together."

Truly, such a man as Lord Shaftesbury is one of God's greatest gifts to suffering humanity. The following contemporary tribute expresses the universal esteem in which he was held :

Never a nobler nobleman lived
Than this man, whose choice was the servant's place ;
The times have been rich in men, but his life
Was beautiful, grand, and of highest grace.

Toronto.

HEROES.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Not on the field alone,
With the wild sounds of war about him
blown,
Is the high valour of the hero shown !

Not where the very air
Is stunned with quaking din and gashed
with glare
Till death seems sure and life a dull despair !

But it shines clear as well
Where fever works its slowly wasting spell,
Firing the veins as with the heats of hell.

Then pour not all the praise
On those who faced the fearsome battle
blaze,
But weave the others their just crown of
bays !

—Northern Christian Advocate.

COLLEGE RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN.*

BY MISS G. KENNEY, B.A.

Higher education for women may be said to have conquered among Anglo-Saxon people at least, in the face of much prejudice and many jealous fears. We have but to note the attendance at the universities, from English and American colleges, where they count up to tens of thousands, to India, where even the Hindu women are taking degrees. Our own universities, scattered through every province, are largely attended by women. There are college-bred women to be found nowadays in nearly every town and village of Ontario, and of every State in the Union. Isn't it true that when women students win victories at some celebrated seat of learning like Oxford or Cambridge, Chicago or Cornell, as they have done, we all feel a thrill of pride as though the success belonged to us personally. Nor do we need, as Canadians, to be less proud of our college girls than American or English folk of theirs, because, wherever they go for post-graduate work, they carry off more than their share of honours.

Because of their constantly increasing numbers, therefore, the influence and power of college women cannot be lightly estimated. A trained intelligence is always a power. The question follows as to whether their influence and power for good has increased in proportion to their advance in intelligence. No subject deserves more careful consideration, to ensure the future well-being of Church and State.

Co-education has followed on the admittance of women to share the

higher studies. I confess to holding those opinions which maintain that there is no form of college education which stands comparison with co-education, provided that residences are associated with university halls. I would have both men's and women's residences, if possible, but the latter as an imperative necessity.

One of the reasons, probably, why I have this strong belief in the necessity of a residence, arises out of my own experience. It sounds very egotistical, I know, but I hope you will pardon me if I explain. I continued at the Ontario Ladies' College, which stands in such close relations to Victoria, where I was a student, during my first two college years, only coming to Victoria at the beginning of the third year. It is hard to analyze the influences that form character, harder still where it happens to be your own, but I feel surely that while I am indebted to Victoria for a great intellectual stimulus, for which she shall always have affection and gratitude, it is just as true that any love I have for what is noblest in conduct, any desire for spiritual attainments, what knowledge I possess of human nature and the motives which govern human beings, were all discovered and developed at the former institution.

I find myself every day using the intellectual training I received in these halls along the line of the practical ideas I gathered from association and intimate relationships during three years of resident life among a hundred or more students of widely different character and disposition, yet all with a like aim and object. May I speak for a

* A paper read before the Barbara Heck Association, Victoria University, Toronto.

moment in this connection of one who has lately left us. I refer to Miss Mary E. Adams, who was known to many of you, I doubt not. Just to live in the same building with her, day after day, was to receive influences which shall last with many an old Whitby girl all her life, keeping her constant to ideals of a womanhood in which high intelligence shall be, and was, in perfect union with gentleness, honour, and truth.

I have thought that this imperative necessity—as it seems to me—of resident college life for women has two causes: first, owing to our conceptions and present system of education; secondly, the nature of woman herself, her practical work in the world, and the conventionalities and prejudices we have inherited, and which it still remains to be seen whether we surrender or not.

It is a common complaint that a university education fits a man well enough to enter the professions, but unfits a poor man at least for anything else. Whether this criticism is wholly just or not, it cannot be denied that the studies pursued and the methods of pursuit lie largely outside of the practical. It is probably true that a large majority of college men do enter the professions, and it must be acknowledged, I think, that our curriculums succeed better in turning out scholars and critics rather than saints or reformers, individuals crammed with other people's opinions rather than men of strong character, theorists rather than men of action. I do not venture to generalize with regard to men, who are affected by different conditions; but the danger exists, I believe, in the case of the average college girl, that although she enter the university with a well-balanced mental development along three lines, moral, social and intellectual, she leaves it with a great advance

made in the last, and no adequate gain in the other two directions. This is the natural outcome of the unchecked tendencies of a system of education which looks upon the mind as an enormous storehouse to be filled up, rather than as the possessor of unknown powers to be drawn out; of a place of life which means all work, all one kind of work, and no diversion aside.

College training cannot properly be understood to mean simply intellectual development, yet sometimes we seem to have fallen unthinkingly into this error. It may be that our poverty has made it impossible to live up to the highest; howbeit, we must agree that the culture which we seek in college halls, results from and in harmonious growth of all the faculties—intellectual, moral and spiritual—at one and the same time, and in its true sense is not the product of text-books merely, and lecture-rooms and examinations, but of higher thoughts and an earnest life, and of "real relationships" with those around us. A graduate must not only have acquired knowledge, he must know how to apply it to the needs of society as he finds it, he must be fitted to live, not as a hermit, but as a man among men.

What, then, should be the significance of a university training to woman? It was anticipated that the development of her intellect might destroy those home-making qualities which are so essential a part of what has been called "distinctive womanhood." But far from tending to obscure the fundamental idea of woman as the centre and radiating influence of the home, it must be the aim of the college to contrive that every advance in knowledge and philosophy should but illuminate and deepen its importance. Can the college accomplish this? Surely it can, but not without closer contact than lectures and occasional gatherings

afford. The conditions which must bring success to its endeavours are involved in a sentence from a wise address by our Chancellor. "College life implies," he said, at the sixtieth convocation of Victoria, "a common life, under a common rule, in a common house, in a daily fellowship of work."

Conclusions such as these have always been in the thought of those most interested in the education of women, and in other lands, the movement for admittance to college halls has always been accompanied by provision for a residence such as we desire for Victoria; or else, so vital was this matter felt, that separate universities were established, with lecture-rooms and professoriate and students all practically under one roof, as at the great women colleges across the line, Bryn-Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith's.

When Victoria once became part of a great city, with her students and professors scattered far apart, this need of a "common college life under a common rule," became urgent. More than ever, attending lectures and living in one room in a boarding-house made up the sum of four years of a student's life. With identity lost in the rush and unconcern of the city, there was nobody else's pleasure or displeasure to consider, nobody else's will to interfere, there was almost no point of helpful contact with the wider interests and activities of the varied world around them. Isolation from the give and take, the bear and forbear of the blessed home life, from social intercourse which rubs off one's angles and gives sympathy and an understanding of our common human nature, are serious losses at the formative period of life.

Just as serious is the cutting loose from church ties, which in the most of cases happens. Such concentration on intellectual at-

tainments, removing them out of their just perspective to the many other honourable activities which make up living for the most of us, might be expected to turn out blue-stockings and intellectual snobs. I do not speak either of that danger of going to the other extreme and ending in Bohemianism, one with no respect for the just restraints of custom and society.

It is proven by statistics that two-thirds of college women go into teaching after graduation. It is doubtful, I fancy, whether two-thirds of them obey a call to teach. Apart from the necessity of earning their living and adapting the means that their education has made the simplest solution, I cannot but feel that some proportion of them do it because of their helplessness and uneasiness in home life and society, brought about by their long exclusion, except rarely, from any form of either. What a danger here! It will bear emphasis to insist again that we want women educated to broaden and sweeten home life and society, to appreciate and to know how to take advantage of the privilege of bringing new life and vigour to those realms which have always belonged and must always belong to women, instead of to shirk their responsibility.

Moreover, aside from doubting the truth of an education which makes home irksome to many, how many qualifications teachers need to fit them for their responsible work, in addition to the mere intellectual standing. Dr. Thwing, one of the best-known American writers on college questions, himself the president of a university, says in an article on "College Women": "The American school-room needs good manners, good breeding, instruction beyond the text-book and the lesson, and more than all, it needs culture and sympathy in the teacher." It is main-

tained that the college class-room and the meagre college life that circulates around it cannot of themselves supply these things. Hence the need of a residence to focus and concentrate what is best in college training, and gather around it other modifying and humanizing forces.

It is plain that such a residence cannot be simply a superior boarding-house, although that might not be one of its least attractions. Speaking to a college friend the other day, I asked her what she thought on the subject and the wherefore. "Of course I believe in a residence," she replied somewhat vigorously; "you don't suppose I lived four years in a boarding-house without coming to that conviction." I fancy there are few university girls in Toronto who could not relate laughable experiences, as they are now, very amazing and harrowing as they were at the time, of searches for a suitable abiding-place. How often they were told, "No ladies are wanted."

If you have never had an experience of it, you have no idea how tiresome one room may become, in which you have to live, sleep, and study. There is no space to expand, to spread one's self, as the boys say. There seems such a lack of fresh air about the average college girl's life, going from lectures to her room, and from her room to lectures. She lacks proper society, she lacks proper physical exercise. Afterwards, you have to fight strenuously the desire to have no one interfere with you, to do exactly as you think fit without a thought of how it affects others. For years that was your moral training, nobody did interfere with your plans or purposes; it was your business to see that no one did. It doesn't exactly prepare you for the surprises, the trying eye-openers that come later.

My ideal of a residence means care for the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual. It means a comfortable building, with a study in connection with each sleeping-room if possible, at least united to every two rooms. It means a reading-room, parlours, and reception-rooms. It means a dining-room which may be used for the purpose of a concert hall. It means a gymnasium.

It means a place where friendship can thrive, and noble thoughts and ambitions engender others, where characters may bud and expand, preparing for service in the cause of truth and love when the time of preparation ends. It means a place where something may be learned of sympathy with and understanding of human nature, from the close contact with many different types, a place where all that is best in university life, where all that is best in city life may leave its impress. It means an atmosphere of happiness and joyousness and useful ideals, preserving the best traditions of a home-making womanhood. It means an intellectual centre, a religious centre, a social centre, where Methodist womanhood may find its highest expression, and exert a quickening influence in course of time from one end of Canada to the other.

I think there is nothing that the world has to offer which a college-bred woman would take in exchange for her training. As things go in Ontario, it may seem more a selfish boon than an unselfish giving out to others, but nevertheless it is priceless. What we ask is, that while women are so benefited themselves, that they be given the opportunity to learn at the same time how to use their gifts in the service of home and church and society.

Ottawa, Ont.

FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUD PETITT.

CHAPTER II.

AWAKENING.

The examination was over, and Tirzah packed up the books in her garret, with a sense of relief, for the heat of midsummer was upon them, that intense heat that is felt in the northern latitudes of our inland provinces. She had no fears of failure, though she had struggled untaught and alone in her little room (for Beth-aven school did not, of course, aspire to the dignity of matriculation work) since she knew she had answered every paper almost perfectly. Having no like minds to compete with, her standard was perfection, nothing less.

Mrs. Holmes, an old neighbour, dropped in toward the middle of the afternoon to while away the hot hours with "a bit o' talk."

"I jist give my floor a lick an' a promise," said she, "and then I thought I'd run down and see how that goose o' your'n was comin' on that you sot on turkey's eggs. Jussira sot fire to the brush heap near our'n this spring, and burnt the nest up slick and clean.

"Jussira's that hard-worked now," she rattled on without waiting for a reply, "I wonder how his old bones hold together."

"That wuz a sudden call for young Hobbes, wuzn't it?" said Granny Hurst, when she could "get a word in edgeways."

"Yes, I jist thought there wuz somethin' a-goin' to happen. Ye know that big clock o' our'n? It hesn't run fur this ten year'n more. Well, that very mornin' it went off as nice as you please, and struck twelve. And ses Jussira to me, 'Jemimy,' ses he, 'you're a-goin' to hear o' somebody a-dyin' now, 'fore long,' an' right he wuz, too. Of course, I never went in fur believin' in signs, but there's some things ye can't help but see now, like when ye keep a dead body over Sunday there's sure to be two more die, an' when——"

Tirzah did not stay to hear the end of the conversation. She seized a book and fled to the quiet of the hills.

What she called "the clack of tongues," always wearied her high-strung nature. She made her way to a little nook she had always called her own on the hill back of the garden. A group of fir trees had grown up in a horse-shoe form, and the tangled grass growing tall about their roots made a perfect screen. As a child it had been her play-house, and the old board seat had remained there for years.

The afternoon was unusually hot, and it seemed difficult to fasten her attention on her reading. She sat gazing through the opening in the fir trees down upon the village in the valley upon the little white church where the Methodist minister preached once a fortnight on the rounds of his circuit. An accident had befallen him on his last round, and so, on the following Sabbath afternoon, young Walter Gray, the village schoolmaster, was to take his place.

Tirzah thought of it with a certain amount of interest. She went every fortnight to please her grandfather, but the drowsy voice of old Mr. Dewit would have made her sleepy if she had not been of too restless a nature to have a tendency to sleepiness. But they were sure of a rousing sermon from young Gray. He had often dropped in and given Tirzah assistance and encouragement at her studies during the past few months. There was, of course, no thought of love in it. Tirzah Auldearn had no time for the dreams of love and domestic joy that fill the minds of so many girls. She had other ambitions. She was an Auldearn, and must work her way up to the heights where her father had lived.

Yet she found Walter Gray interesting, nevertheless. It was not so much what he told her about himself that interested her, as what he did not tell her. The Grays had moved there last Christmas. Mrs. Gray was a widow, perhaps near sixty, a slender, dignified lady, with luxuriant snowy hair, always dressed with the same elegance and beauty, the little white curls clustering about a face still fresh and smiling. She

was certainly a contrast to the Beth-aven people, with her polished manners and cultured English. The widowed mother, the son and a young invalid daughter, Nellie, fair and frail and sweet, constituted the household that was installed that Christmas Eve in Rosevale Cottage. They came from Western Ontario, spoke little of their past, and seemed content to live their present humble life, out of keeping with their surroundings though they seemed.

Young Gray himself was not less interesting than his mother. Tall, vigorous, and of fine physique, with dark hair brushed smoothly across an intellectual looking forehead, a complexion clear and fair, almost effeminately fair, and those grey eyes that one so often meets in men of deep thought, but eyes where the thoughtfulness was tempered by a feeling tenderness—a love that went forth to all mankind. In fact, he was one of those rare people from whose mere presence in a room a good influence seems to emanate, like fragrance from a flower. Neither was it a merely passive, sentimental goodness, for there was all the earnestness and vigour about him that makes strong men. She was puzzled, too, by the great breadth of his culture, the wide vistas of knowledge that seemed quite familiar to him.

Although he did not seem to have the slightest intention of being a minister, yet she knew they might expect something well worth hearing on the morrow. Perhaps, too, in a blind way, she hoped for some personal blessing herself.

Her reveries were suddenly interrupted by a quiet step pacing to and fro, just in the shadow of the firs outside. She peered through the branches, and saw Walter Gray himself walking up and down, with open Bible, a meditative look in his earnest eyes. She did not make her presence known; a holy hush overcame her; it was so like that Divine Teacher of old going apart to the hills and mountains to be alone with God. He sat down at length just beside the firs, his head bowed over the Bible on the grass as if in silent prayer. Instinctively she bowed her own. There was something about this man she honoured. He had helped bear her burdens. She would that she could help bear his.

They remained for a long time

silent with bowed heads, only the outline of the fir trees between them. Never dreaming that a human sympathizer was so near, occasional fragments of prayer escaped his lips.

"Oh, God, thou knowest how unworthy I am of this holy work? How weak and helpless all I can say, unless thou dost come thyself, dear Lord, with the power of thy Holy Spirit. Thou alone knowest how unworthy is thy minister. O God, I have sinned—sinned so greatly against thee. Thou hast given me so much. I have done so little. There have been whole days, sometimes, when I have almost forgotten that we are here to gather others into thy kingdom. O merciful God, forgive, and help me to be daily more in earnest about the harvest of souls."

Something almost like a sob choked his voice, and in the long silence that followed, Tirzah sat with head still bowed, wondering why another should be so penitent over "some days" in which he had half-forgotten his Father's vineyard, while she had forgotten it every day, or, at best, remembered it but rarely. Again the prayerful voice broke the silence.

"O God, thou alone knowest the needs of each one who will be there to-morrow. Oh, come to that church as thou hast never come before. Bless poor Indian Jim, and bring him out to-morrow, and, O God, use thy Word to make him understand the way of life. O Father, do hasten the day when he shall be saved. Father, he must be saved. Thou hast said. Thou hast promised, and, O Lord, I know it must be in accordance with thy will."

There was such earnestness—such pleading, beseeching earnestness in his voice as he continued. Tirzah could imagine such a tone in a prayer for some brilliant worldly success, or for the life of some dear one in danger. But she had never thought of any one being so eager for the soul of poor old Indian Jim.

"And, dear Saviour, bless poor little lame David, give me some message that will make him contented with his lot, and something that will cheer poor old Mrs. Perkins, and put it into the heart of Jack to come, and, O Father, let there be something said that will turn him from the drink. Only thou canst save him. I leave him with thee."

These poor villagers that Tirzah

had thought so uninteresting, what a value they each had in his eyes! Then the voice grew very low after a long silence.

"And, O Father, bless her—bless her abundantly. O Father, let her see thine ideal of her. Give her a vision to-morrow of what thou wouldst have her be. And when thou hast awakened her with thy Spirit, if it be thy will——"

Something inaudible followed.

"Thou knowest how I love her, but thy will be done."

The slender girlish form quivered slightly. What if he knew that some one had penetrated into the most sacred things of his life, the sacred things he meant for God alone. She almost held her breath during the silence that followed. Then there was a movement as he rose and closed his Bible. What if he should find her there? She would almost die of shame. But no, he was going away, down the hill, leaving her to her reveries again. She had fresh food for reverie now. Who was she, for whom he prayed? Tirzah had thought of him as her friend, not as some one else's lover. It could not be any one in Beth-aven. There was no one there whom she could think his equal, except Margrete Clifton, and she was on the most distant terms with him. And yet it must be some one there, for she remembered he had expected her to be present to-morrow. Yet she could not imagine him loving a girl like Molly Brayley, the village beauty, or Susie Brant. But what did it matter to her? Yes, it did matter in a way. She honoured him, revered him. His love for an ignorant, uncouth girl could not but lower him in her eyes. Somehow he did not look quite the same to her now.

The next Sabbath broke beautiful and glorious. It was natural she should feel an interest in that sermon, she who for one sacred hour had been so near the heart of its author. It was pleasant to watch his face as he preached with that light upon it, not a sermon of philosophical knots, though he was deep enough for that, but simply the old sweet story in a way that fascinated every listener. It was a sermon typical of the preacher—a humble sermon. It was plain he had reached that altitude where he realized his own littleness, as well as his wonderful possibilities. Tirzah felt a personal

rebuke in almost every sentence. It was so different from her own proud, self-sufficient nature.

She could not help thinking of it next evening, as she sat strumming on her guitar all alone on a little knoll, quite near her fir-tree nook. It was just sunset. Oh! those sunsets of the north country! Who can behold their glory unmoved, tinting rock and woodland and wave, with crimson shadow and touch of gold?

The hill-slope lay at her feet, its patches of clay and rock studded everywhere with blueberry bushes (for Algoma is the land of the blueberry). The little stream went murmuring on through the gully, and the village was cradled in the hush of the coming twilight; the breeze had lulled itself to rest, and out yonder lay the Kanata, calm and still as a mirror, the little rocky islets seeming mere black specks in the distance; even the loon's plaintive cry had a softer note in the stillness.

It was all very restful; and her vivid imagination fell to picturing the homes below at that hour. The smoke-wreaths were curling upward from many of them, as they prepared their late supper. There was a young husband from the mines entering one, his dinner-pail in hand; a babe was sitting on the door-step of another, awaiting papa's return. At a third, she could fancy the young mother kneeling at this very hour beside the cot of her little ones to say with them their evening prayer. And love was at the basis of all these? After all her ambitious dreams, she would have given something to have tasted this love that was the common lot of others.

And he—she checked her thoughts with a sigh, and her voice broke out in a plaintive, old-time love song, as her fingers touched the strings. A slight sound startled her. It was Walter Gray looking down upon her with a pensive smile. She started up with a sudden flush of anger. She felt as if he had read her most secret thoughts.

"Encore! Encore!" he cried, clapping his hands, and laughing in a most provoking way at her embarrassment.

"An open-air concert up here on the hill! Horribly selfish of me not to go back and tell all my friends and neighbours, isn't it? Do please give us another."

It was impossible to be angry looking into those eyes, with their honest mirth and expression of gentlemanly and respectful admiration. So she only smiled, though the crimson lingered on her cheek.

"No, I can't play now. You've frightened my muses away into the woods."

He pleaded again, but she turned the conversation skilfully to his sermon of the day before.

"It was splendid—excellent," said she. "You've missed your calling. You ought to enter the ministry. Why don't you?"

"I don't think it is the place God meant me to fill. Of course, I feel in earnest about saving others. But we should all feel that. We are all ministers. We don't need more ministers in the pulpit. It's better ministers in the pews we need. A man may have as divine a call to any other place as to the pulpit, don't you think?"

"Do you think, then, you are called to the school-room?"

"I think I am called through it. Whether God means me to stay there or not, time will tell."

"But even preaching would be a less humdrum life, and, 'fess up, now, a school-room is a tiresome place, isn't it, especially for a man?"

"That would be a nice motive for entering the ministry, wouldn't it? Because I couldn't be content with something else."

He was seldom sarcastic, but there was a curl of sarcasm on his lips just for a moment.

"Besides, I don't know that it is humdrum. Life is glorious wherever it is, simply glorious! I wonder why we don't sing that hymn oftener, 'Oh, life is good!'"

There was a wonderful light in his eyes as he watched the little golden clouds flocking toward the west.

"Still, I think teaching is a rather effeminate profession," said she.

"Perhaps so. Yet I think it's a pity the 'schoolmaster' is going out of date. There were some fine characters among them. There is a good deal interesting, too, in watching the young minds change and unfold. Of course, though, I am not experiencing the worst of it. If I had to board in one of those places where the children confront you at breakfast-table every morning before they are washed, where they mix cake in the kitchen

wash-dish, etc. I'd—well I'll not say what I'd do, I'd just do it.

"It's a different thing, though, when you have your own home," he continued, "and a mother like mine. Mother's my sweetheart, you know. I have never seen another woman like mother."

"Well, for my part, I'm heartily sick of it. The work's tedious; the places are poky; and the people are the pokiest of all. I don't see how you stand it."

"There's nae earthly happiness like a day's duty wael wrought," he quoted, in her ancestral Scotch, and as to the poky people, there's many a hero among them if you only keep your eyes open. I often think of the battle some humble old farmer has fought, and feel ashamed of myself. Greater men than I have lived just such obscure lives in little country-places. Even Christ was only a Nazarene." And he turned to her with a smile that she had never seen on the face of any other man. Little did she know of the conflict through which he had passed to reach that height of calm.

"But, after all, when you have taken your university course, Miss Auldearn, I am afraid you will still have to be contented with the humdrum duties of every day. Even in a high-school teacher's life there is a good deal of humdrum."

"For a while, perhaps, but 'where there's a will there's a way.' Why should I not, in the course of a few years, make my way to Europe. I could study then for a university lecturer. I should like that above all things."

"You are very ambitious. That was my ambition, too," he continued, in a subdued tone, "and if father had lived, it could easily have been."

That little chord, "if father had lived," was so like her own case it awakened her sympathy.

"I took half a course in Science in Victoria University myself."

"Did you? How strange you never spoke of it before! I don't believe any one in Beth-aven knows it."

"We are a reserved family. I sometimes wish we were less reserved. I believe it would add to our happiness to be less so."

"And yet," and her lip half-curved in scorn, "after taking half a course you

are content to give up and bury yourself here."

"You see, I have mother and Nellie to support, and the doctors recommended Algoma air for Nellie. I came here, and have the satisfaction of seeing her improve. I should be a brute to abandon my post in such a case, even if it were to work my way through college."

He spoke calmly enough, but the flush on his cheek showed that her words and tone had stung, though she did not notice it herself.

"You are not a superstitious girl," said he, perhaps merely to change the conversation.

"Why?"

"Entertaining yourself in Witch Hill?"

"This isn't Witch Hill. That's Witch Hill back there, that round hill, where you see the smoke rising from the trees. It's old Witch Barnum's smoke. Isn't she a terrible old creature?"

"Poor old soul. She must be very old, isn't she?"

"Very. She was an old woman looking just about like she does now when I was a little girl. I remember I used to hide my head under grandmother's apron when she came around begging and telling fortunes. She must have a wonderful amount of strength. They say she walks miles and miles, telling fortunes."

"It's a sad life. Her son ran away to sea, didn't he?"

"Yes. He was hanged afterward in New York State. It was after that she took to fortune-telling, and people began to call her the Witch of the Hills. But this hill-top is called Parson's Lea. It was here my father and a few old Scotchmen, the owners of those manors, stood when they chose the site for the church and the manse. See what a splendid view you have of them from here?"

"It is a sacred spot to you, then."

"Yes," she continued, in a more solemn tone. "And it was here on this hill father is said to have first seen my mother. She was gathering a bunch of wild roses for a little girl in her Sunday-school class. See, there are wild roses growing here yet!"

There was a feeling silence between them for a few minutes.

"He was a noble man. The old settlers still speak of him with reverence."

"Do you know, Miss Auldearn, I

have wished sometimes you were more like your father. Forgive me for saying it. But I think God has an ideal Tirzah Auldearn."

Then, in a moment, the meaning of his prayer flashed through her mind. It was she, herself, Tirzah Auldearn, he had prayed for. And he had said—he loved her. A strange thrill, something between delight and pain made every nerve quiver. She did not hear the message. She was all absorbed in the messenger. It takes a brave lover to rebuke the coldly self-centred life of his loved one. And, far from resenting it, she honoured him.

"Good-night, Miss Auldearn." He touched her hand a moment, and the blood went in warm throbs from her finger tips. They parted in the deepening twilight, and the world looked strangely different, as she turned again home. That look in his eyes had breathed a sweet unrest into her soul.

She sat alone by her garret window that night, and the moon rose, full and silvery, above the pines. Was there a softer haze in its light? What was it made everything look all new and changed? What was that sweet restlessness that seemed to fill her spirit—a restlessness, and yet a rest, as of floating beneath still skies on quiet waters. In moments, too, there came a childlike contrition. "I wish I were good like him," came in a child-like fashion from her lips. But it was always the messenger, never the message, that filled her spirit. Some wakeful bird warbled a few notes from the wood; then the night was still again. She was no longer thirsting for fame; her thoughts were on that little white cottage down the hill, with the canary in the window, and the vines clinging about the porch; the cottage where Walter Gray lived with his mother and invalid sister.

And yet that was an ideal life to him, humbly and peacefully to go about doing good, like his divine Master of old. It was sweet, after all, this quiet life of little things; it had never seemed so sweet before. She saw the frank eyes gazing into hers again, and felt a manly hand touch her own. She had indulged so many dreams. Why not this? It could do no harm, just for a little while, she told herself, and there crept over her a sweet sense that she was no longer alone, that a human soul had passed near her—yea, and

touched her in passing—a human soul that understood her, even though it was altogether different from her own—a soul that was nobler and better, that stirred within her some thought of the living, breathing Christ life, though she failed to grasp the ideal upheld. In her waking moments in the night, and in the first flush of dawn, it came back to her, this consciousness of something new and sweet in life.

CHAPTER III.

THE WOLF CHASE.

The following Saturday Grandpa and Granny Hurst, hitched up the old gray and went "to have a visit" with an old neighbour until next day. So Tirzah, left to herself, went off on a fishing expedition. It was just like Tirzah Auldearn, to go alone, instead of taking one of the village girls—quite in keeping with her character. The nook she sought was a lonely one, a good two miles back in the forest; she had been there several years before with her grandfather, and an impulse seized her to return. She was so restless for change of scene.

It was a little foot-path she had to follow at first, for about a mile, then a rugged, narrow road, leading from an Indian settlement to she knew not whither. But it was a beautiful spot where she stopped, a tiny lake, like a white-rimmed basin, with its smooth, sandy shore, and not far from her resting-place, the music of a stream falling in a cascade over the broken rocks.

A beautiful spot—aye, and a wild one! Most girls would have been frightened. For, on that mountain opposite, big bruin often stretched his black paws, and the wolf's dread howl could be frequently heard were there any one there to hear it. But she was a mountain child. The crash of the thunder-storm—the silence of the wilderness—these things distressed her not. Nay! they had been her companions from babyhood.

No wonder, then, that she sat down on the bank, feeling perfectly secure. She was but an indifferent angler, though, so much so, that the fish ran away with the bait. It was only the "fun of it" she wanted. It must have been late when she reached the place, or else she had dreamed longer than she thought, for it only seemed

a little while till the golden tint above warned her that the sun was sinking low behind the mountain. She rose with a start to make her way home.

It was such a queer old road, almost unused now since they had cut a better though longer one nearer the lake. There was little probability of her meeting a passer-by; the stillness was unbroken save by the scampering of the chipmunks in the branches overhead; the air was filled with the fragrance of the flowers, peeping through the bushes and the underwood, and the whip-poor-wills were calling in the distance.

A beautiful spray of pink flowers among the bushes caught her attention at last. It was some unknown variety, and she stooped to pluck it, when she caught a glimpse of something white under the brushwood. She parted the bushes a little farther, when, oh, horrors! a skeleton, bleached and whitened where the skin was not dried to the bones. A pipe and tools lay beside it. Some poor old Indian, in all probability. She shuddered and drew back with a sensation of faintness, then hurried on her way.

Why had she been left to discover it? Why not some sturdy woodman, with stronger nerve? The poor fellow had been murdered, probably, and was hidden there in the brushwood. A nervous dread of something seemed to take possession of her, and the way grew strangely long. It was so monotonous, too, just trees, trees, trees on either hand, wild cherry and birch, pine and poplar, and the crooked little sassafras—variety enough to be sure, but wearisome by constant repetition. The road, too, wound in and out in such a confusing fashion. The roadway in some places was almost overgrown with bushes. There was a great profusion of pigeon berry, but its clusters had not yet turned scarlet. She pulled a bunch of wild cherries from a branch overhead, but she could not eat them.

That gruesome sight back there had sickened her. Was it the remembrance of that, too, that made her shiver? or was the chill of the Algoma evening descending already? Yes, the gold had changed to a sombre lavender in that narrow strip of sky between the branches overhead, and the darkness was gathering in the underwood. She wished she were home. It was so foolish of her to stay so late. If only she could hear the echo of a

woodman's axe, the tinkle of a cow-bell, or any other homely sound !

But, nonsense ! Her dauntless nature was playing the coward to-night. And she trudged on, but her feet grew weary. Surely the way was long. Could it be—and she paused and looked backward—could it be she had passed the turn where the path led to Beth-aven ? Should she go back a little way and see ? But no, the turn might be only a few yards ahead, and she might go half-way back in vain, so she kept on her way.

Hark ! What was that ? She paused again. Something like the bark of a dog ! Her face blanched. There it came again ! A low, long-drawn howl ! Horrors ! The wolf ! The thought lent wings to her feet. She darted wildly on down the long, narrow passage-way between the trees. On ! On ! On ! Ever on ! No pausing ! No looking backward. Nay, death was behind ! She did not heed the briars that tore her skirts as she passed. Her face blanched, her hands outstretched before her ! She did not seem breathless. She did not even seem to breathe. Like some pale spirit fleeing through the forest !

Then once again she paused. Hark ! Silence ! Silence that almost seems alive ! But list ! Yes, there it comes again, that low, long-drawn howl ! Forward for life ! O God—O God, give strength !

She had no idea how long her wild race had lasted, when a sudden stumble over the rugged end of a log threw her prostrate on the ground, one ankle turned under her. She tried to rise, but a sensation of faintness overcame her. Oh the pain in her foot ! It took but an instant to realize she had a badly sprained ankle. Another attempt to rise, and she succeeded in limping a few steps farther. But it was useless now. All hope was past. And she fell back helpless on the mossy bed by the road side.

Darkness had gathered in the forest, and the stars were shining overhead. She was too exhausted to be anything but calm now, as she lay there helpless and alone—lost in the wilderness—aye, and a dreadful death perhaps bearing down upon her. The silence made her wonder. Why did it not come again, that awful howl ? But she never doubted for a moment that death was coming, that terrible death,

as she lay there gazing upward into God's sky.

The thought of the living God came to her strangely, but she could not fix her mind upon it ; her thoughts had dwelt too much on other things to turn to the hereafter, even though that same hour might bring her to the judgment throne. She thought instead of the old home, how her grandparents would return to-morrow ; the door would be closed, and when they entered they would not find her there. They would think she had gone to a neighbours for a while, but when night came on, and she returned not, then the search party would come out, and they would find—what ? Only a mass of bones, gnawed and broken. Or perhaps they would not find her at all, and she would be left to bleach and whiten like the poor Indian in the brushwood.

But she did not dwell on the picture. Her mind seemed to have reached a quiet stage ; she could hear the clink of the dinner pot as Granny Hurst put it on the stove, and wondered where the lass had gone to, and if she would be back for supper. But why did not that horrid sound—that howl—come again ? She almost longed to hear it. She would know then how near the end was. Then came a queer sensation of falling between slimy walls that widened as she went down, down, down !

It might have been but a moment, it might have been hours, before the neighing of a horse and its hot breath over her face awakened her. Some one was lifting her tenderly, and placing her in the buggy. She moaned faintly as her eyelids half-parted in the dazzling brilliance of moonlight.

"Why, Tirzah—Miss Auldearn ! What—what ever is the matter ?"

Was it a dream, or was that really Walter Gray's voice ? He made her as comfortable as possible, without further questioning, then, half-supporting her, picked up the lines.

"Get up, Nanny !"

And they were whisked briskly over the old forest road. A twinge of pain in her foot aroused her.

"Where are they ? Are they near us yet ?" she asked, in a frightened whisper.

"Who ? What ?"

"The wolves !"

"The wolves !" he repeated.

"Yes, they are out ! I heard one howl and another answer, and then I ran for life."

"Why, that is strange! I didn't hear anything of them. But where were you when you heard them?"

"I was coming from the Grey Mountain back of Owen's Woods."

"The Grey Mountain! Ah, that's it. I just turned into the road up here by the one coming from Onora. But how ever did you come to be this far out of the way?"

"Oh, I ran, and I think I must have missed the path somewhere."

"The path to Beth-aven? I should say you have, by a good two miles. Poor girl! What a fright you have had! Surely they are not on chase now, or we'd hear them howling. Perhaps it's just as well to hurry out of this, though. Get up, Nanny! Go along!"

"Was that last hour, then, only a horrid nightmare? Only one or two prowling wolves, and she had imagined them being answered by a whole pack."

"I suppose exhaustion made you faint," said he.

"Well, no, I—I sprained my ankle. I tried to take a few steps, but the pain was so intense I fell, and I suppose I must have fainted."

"Humph! It's a pretty serious sprain to disable you as soon as that."

And he stooped to place her foot more comfortably. She noticed then for the first time that he was in his shirt-sleeves. He had wrapped his coat around her. The night was chilly, but she did not need to fear for him; he was strong and rugged, in spite of his almost delicate fairness.

A few moment more took them out of the forest on to the lake-shore road, and there was no longer any fear of danger. But it would not have distressed her now, if there had been, there was something in the presence beside her that soothed and quieted her, as a mother's voice in the night lulls her frightened babe. Once a sudden jolt moved her foot, and she moaned softly. He leaned over her pale face a moment, and she almost fancied she felt his warm breath on her cheek. A thrill—a delicious thrill—almost a tremor—as she leaned back, pale, exhausted, but happy. They were silent, but there was a tenderness in their silence as they passed on through the soft radiance of moon and star.

Now and then the fragrance of some mountain flower floated to them, or the cry of some bird, startled from its nesting-place. She was not anxious

for the ride to end; she was anxious about nothing; only calm, in the sweet present. Then they came to the narrow passage over the cliff by the lake. A slip of the buggy-wheel would have plunged them into the water, sixty feet below. But she felt no fear.

"I suppose your grandparents are very anxious about you, by this time?" said he.

"Well, no, they went up to Mr. Wilson's. They are not coming back till to-morrow."

"Oh, then, we shall have you at Rosevale Cottage," he said, with poorly concealed pleasure.

It seemed perfectly natural to her, though she had never been there except to call. Yet she took it all as a matter of course when they stopped at the pretty, white cottage, and he lifted her out and took her in to the parlour couch.

"Well, my dear, what does this mean?" said Mrs. Gray's pleasant voice, when Walter had brought her into the room. "A sprained ankle and a wolf chase! Poor child, she has been half frightened to death." And she proceeded with gentle hands to bathe and bandage the injured foot.

"You must make yourself at home with us, my dear," she continued, and there was something so motherly in her manner, Tirzah did not find it difficult.

Walter came back in a few minutes with Nellie leaning on his arm, a fair, slender girl. Some spinal weakness prevented her from moving about much, and the traces of suffering on her face made her seem much older than her eighteen years.

"It is very unfortunate to have had such an accident so early in your holidays," said she. "You may get over it, though, sooner than you think."

"It looks like a bad sprain," said Mrs. Gray. "You will have to be patient, my child."

But Tirzah felt too comfortable to complain, as she lay there among the cushions, with those three pleasant faces for companions. Mrs. Gray looked unusually beautiful that night as she sat sewing in the shaded lamp-light.

"How nice it would be to have a mother like her," thought Tirzah, as she watched her graceful movements.

Then, during a lull in the conversation, she gazed about the little par-

lour, with its dainty knick-knacks, its cosy cushions, and funny rugs.

"By the way, I've forgotten my plants!" said Walter, springing up and going out to the buggy.

He brought in a rather mixed collection that he had gathered away up by the Indian settlement.

"See what a lot of odd ones I have. Botany is a splendid recreation, and there are so many rarities here."

"Why, look, Walter, there's one with flowers just like this in the back-yard," said Nellie.

"Well, never mind, little sister, it's more precious now since I drove so far for it. That's the way we mortals are built, you know."

He seemed extremely happy among his withered treasures, and entertained them with accounts of the different plant families, that were quite as good as fairy tales. Then the stars underwent a study as he pulled back the curtains, and told them interesting things of the different planets. Truly, Walter Gray, the scientist, was not less interesting than Walter Gray in the pulpit.

Tirzah had a new revelation of him as one to whom the heavens were unveiled by night, and the fields and the flowers by day. The little leaf, the tender grass, the glittering water-drop, rock, stone, and star were all alive with interest for him. The very cobweb, shining in the moonlight, became quite interesting, as he talked. Tirzah was sorry when the evening ended.

But it was almost as pleasant to rest with Mrs. Gray's good-night kiss on her lips. Everything had come about in such an unexpected way. She thought of her own little garret, but she had no desire to be there. She was quite content as she lay, a flood of moonlight streaming through the parted curtains upon her bed. It seemed as if the world of realities were left behind, and for a few short hours she were living in a dream. Her foot gave an occasional twinge of pain, and then she fell into a quiet sleep.

The birds, twittering in the old cherry-tree outside, awakened her to a sunny Sabbath morning.

Mrs. Gray's delicate touches had left on the breakfast table all those impresses of refinement that Tirzah so much loved. The brown toast looked so tempting, and the coffee was delicious. Tirzah could not but feel content in the atmosphere that sur-

rounded her. Walter sat at the head of the table, giving an occasional nip to the Maltese cat that purred beside him. After breakfast they had family prayers, after which Walter helped her into the cosy old chair by the parlour window, and having placed a little velvet stool beside her foot, then returned for a few minutes to the dining-room. He did not notice the parlour door swing open behind him, and Tirzah heard him saying in his cheeriest tone:

"Now, my dear little sweetheart of a mother, I'm going to carry the dishes out."

And he plumped a kiss in true boyish fashion on her still rosy cheeks.

"Hush! Nonsense, Walter, you foolish boy! Did you ever see such a fellow, Miss Auldearn?" she asked, looking pleased, nevertheless.

"Oh! Beg your pardon! Didn't know I left the door open," said he, as he proceeded to assist his mother with a deftness that showed some experience in culinary duties.

As Tirzah became better acquainted with the family during the day, she found herself wondering more and more what might be their history—this gentle, refined family, settled there in such a remote spot. Little pieces of furniture, and little ornaments everywhere suggested other circumstances. Perhaps Tirzah betrayed in some way her interest. At any rate, Walter became more confidential that afternoon.

It was just after dinner, and they were in the parlour alone, when he noticed her eyes fixed on a large photograph on the wall.

"That is my father," he said, with a reverential look. "He had just held a chair in Cornell University for a year when he died."

"Oh, indeed."

"I was just a little fellow when he died, Nellie and I. His life had never been insured, and his worldly goods amounted to little, but brave mother shouldered the burden of raising us. She taught in a ladies' college in New York State for fourteen years, and we two grew up among the girls in the boarding-school on something the same footing as the parrot in the dining-room cage, and the kittens that the girls fondled and kicked by turns. You can understand my admiration for poor mother. She has been both father and mother to us. She actually tried to put me

through college. I, of course, worked myself during vacation. But her eyes failed a year ago, and Nellie grew worse, so it was my turn to take the burden."

The clock struck three, and he rose hastily to start for Sunday-school, leaving her to think over the story he had told—the mystery unravelled.

Grandpa Hurst came to take her home that night, but it was some time before she could move about freely again. She had applied for a situation in a night-school in Toronto during the coming winter, but had received no reply as yet. She was not anxious, however. In fact, she had come to think with sorrow of the day when she must leave Bethaven behind and follow a new path into an unknown future.

Could she do it? The place had suddenly grown sweet to her—very sweet. She would sit by her garret window in the moonlight, and her eyes would rest at times on one little light, sparkling there at the foot of the hill. It was only a dream, she told herself—a sweet, fleeting dream. The time had not yet come for love. She meant to climb the mount of her ambitions, and when she had reached the height there was time then for love—love that would befit the height and rank she craved. But not now—not to-day. She had no thought of being a village schoolmaster's wife. This was only a maiden fancy. A few weeks more, and she would shake it off and forget it. Aye, she must forget.

THE QUEEN.

BY LIONEL JERVIS.

Enshrined in the royal minster, in the temple of silence and rest,
Lies buried the past of the nation in the graves of her bravest and best:
Princes and warriors and statesmen sleep in their sepulchres side by side,
Men who have lived for England; men who for England have died.

By right of her lofty lineage, as a trust from the mighty dead,
They placed in her hand the sceptre, the crown on her fair young head;
In the blush of her sunny maidenhood she came as our Island Queen
By sovereign right to the proudest throne that ever the ages have seen.

Yet hers is a costlier sceptre, hers is a grander throne,
Hers is a diadem richer than of gems and of precious stone,—
Which treason shall never threaten, which the tempest of war may not move;
'Tis the loyal heart of her Empire; and she reigns by the right of love.

On every shore and in every clime where the flag of the homeland flies;
Through Canada's vast dominion, 'neath Australia's sunny skies;
In African desert and forest, and afar on the barren main,
She has fettered the love of our hearts to her heart with the links of that golden chain.

In the kingdom of death and darkness, in the realm of eternal snow,
'Neath the pallid light of the sunless night, the aurora's shifting glow;
In the desolate frozen wilderness, where the wolf and the ice-bear rove,
The heart of the dauntless explorer beats warm for his Queen with love.

In the kingdom of death and sunshine, in the land of jungle and brake,
Where crouches the ruthless tiger, where rustles the deadly snake;
In the land of the plague and the earthquake, in the land of carnage and strife,
Every acre of which has been purchased at the cost of an English life.

The hatred of race and the hatred of creed, which is bitterer still, are gone:
Briton and Indian, Gurkha and Sikh, in loyal devotion are one:
One prayer for the weal of the Empress goes up to the throne above,
For Mussulman, Buddhist, and Christian are one in that bond of love.

Who is the skilled magician, by the spell of whose potent wand
Shoulder to shoulder those erstwhile foes as brothers in battle stand?
Their valour and faith the blazons of many a victory prove,
And their Queen is the royal enchantress; and her charm is the spell of love.



VICE-REGAL CHAPEL, DUBLIN.



TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

The Queen's Birthday will be celebrated this year with an enthusiasm with which it never was kept before. Even the pageantry of the Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee pale before the love and loyalty that greet our venerable and beloved sovereign as she goes on her message of conciliation and kindness to Ireland. Her womanly tact and sympathy have touched the Irish heart as nothing has for a hundred years. The Celtic soul, both in Scotland and Ireland, delights to find expression in a personal loyalty. Hence the devotion of the Highlanders to the Stuarts, and the Irish to their native sovereigns. A thousand times better than coercion and repression is the touch of kindness that calls forth for the sovereign all the love and devotion of the Irish heart. The simple tribute to the lowly shamrock and the honour paid to the crowned harp thrilled the soul of every Irishman from Montreal to Melbourne, from Toronto to the new British town of Bloemfontein.

The very rare disloyal utterances of a few irreconcilable Nationalists but emphasize more strongly the general enthusiasm. Miss Maud Gonne, the mercenary agent of the Nationalist, or rather Anarchist, Irish faction, has felt she must do something to earn her pay. In the vitriol press of Paris she therefore wreaks her rage upon the venerable sovereign who has won the world's homage as "the most womanly of queens and the most queenly of women."

The Queen has made the ancient city of Dublin for the time the capital of the British Empire. The royal progresses, the state functions, the pomp and pageantry of the Court emphasize the Queen's appreciation of the valour and fidelity of her Irish soldiers on many a foughten field. We have pleasure in presenting engravings of some of the principal buildings of the ancient capital.

The large and pretty square of St. Stephen's Green, with its cluster of trees and beautiful greensward, is surrounded by many of the finest buildings in the city. In the centre is the fine equestrian statue of George II., and on the north side is a bronze statue of the late Earl of Eglington.

Trinity College is an imposing structure built of Portland stone in the Corinthian style. Not even Oxford has as large and wealthy a foundation. At the entrance there are two fine bronze statues of Goldsmith and Burke.

The Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland, is in College Green, just across from the college. As I strolled through the historic old building I asked a servant if he would like Home Rule again. "Some might, belike," he said, "not I; shure, what's the differ?" which cheerful philosophy I did not seek to disturb.

On the site of the present venerable Cathedral of St. Patrick a place of worship was erected by the patron saint of Ireland in A.D. 448. The present building was begun in 1190, and has recently been restored by the late Sir B. L. Guinness at a very large outlay. In the chancel there is a tablet to the memory of Schomberg, a monument to the Earl of Cork, and the remains of Dean Swift and Mrs. Hester Johnson (the "Stella" of his poetry) are covered by two marble slabs. The battle flags, dyed with the best blood of Ireland's warriors, hang above the choir stalls.

On the front of the Custom House, shown in one of our half-tones, are four allegorical figures of trade, commerce, etc. "What are those," asked a tourist. "Oh, those are the apostles," replied the Irish cabby. "But there were twelve apostles," the traveller replied, "where are the others?" "Och, sure," was the quick-witted answer, "the others are inside counting the money."

Passing along the quays of the River Liffey (which runs through the centre of the city) and through various streets, we come to Aungin Street, in which will be found a queer-looking old house, sure to arrest attention by its oddity, but rejoicing in more than its peculiarity of style. In this house the Bard of Erin, Thomas Moore, was born May 28th, 1780. At that time his father kept a grocery store.

"Dublin," says Mr. Haight, "lacks the thrift and enterprise of its northern sister city, Belfast. It possesses a fine harbour in its noble bay, guarded on one side by the hills of Howth, and on the other by Killiney Hill. There are many fine buildings, a noble university, public schools, and courts of law. It is well supplied with places of worship of every denomination, and has several beautiful parks and squares for the recreation of its citizens, as well as museums, art galleries, botanic gardens, and other places of instruction and amusement. It is favourably situated for trade and commerce, and yet Dublin is not a prosperous city."



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.



INTERIOR, ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

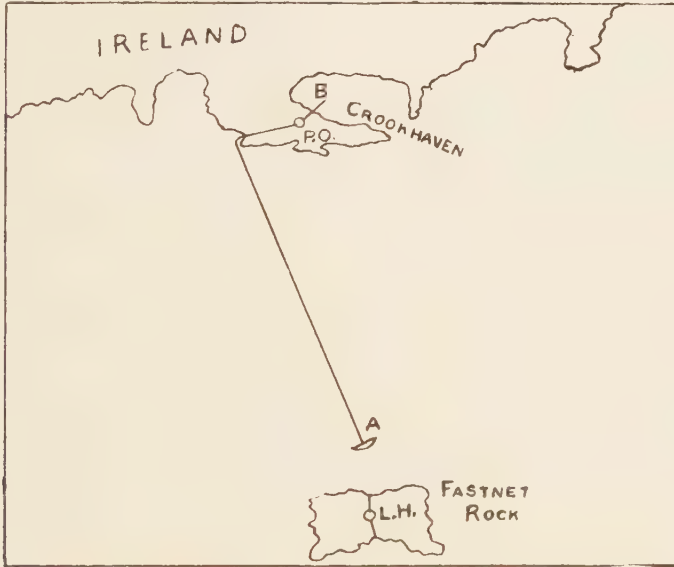
BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

At the present time there are three different methods in practical use for transmitting signals across space without connecting wires, and it is rather remarkable that, although the principles involved in each are radically different from those in the others, they have all come into actual use only within the last two or three years. On investigation, however, we find that each system is the outcome of many years of thought and experimental research. I shall try to give a brief account of each of these methods.

I. WILLOUGHBY SMITH'S CONDUCTION METHOD.

Very early in the history of the electric

copper cable has one end, from which the insulation has been removed, immersed in the haven; and from here it runs through the Post Office, and then west for a mile to Galley Cove. There it enters the water again, and is continued until it is within sixty feet of the rock, where the other end is kept in position by a copper mushroom anchor, A, weighing 5 cwt., and firmly attached to the conductor of the cable. From the lighthouse cables are led to the water on each side of the rock, terminating at both ends in a considerable length of bare copper wire, which is always immersed in the water. To ensure this, holes are drilled in the solid rock to a depth of twenty feet below



telegraph it was discovered that the earth might be used as a portion of an electric circuit, and it is upon this fact that the conduction method is based. The system is in operation between the mainland and the Fastnet lighthouse, which is upon a barren rock eight miles from the south-west point of Ireland. It can most easily be explained by means of a diagram (not drawn to scale).

The rock is 80 feet high, 360 feet long and 150 feet wide at its broadest portion. The Crookhaven Post-office is about 200 yards from the haven. A well insulated

low water, and the copper wire securely fastened in them. At the Post-office a battery of 10 Leclanché cells is inserted in the main cable, and at the lighthouse a delicate galvanometer is inserted in the cable which runs across the rock. Now, when a current is produced in the main cable, the current does not pass from A to B (or B to A) in a single line through the sea, but it spreads out into a broad sheet, enough of it passing through the rock cable to be detected by the galvanometer. Upon reversing the direction of the first current the galvanometer is de-

flected in the opposite direction, and signals corresponding to the Morse code can be easily transmitted. This installation has been in successful operation since 1896.

Most people would ask why not directly connect the two places by cable, but an acquaintance with some of the violent storms which sweep round an exposed lighthouse would at once answer the question. Some years ago, during a severe gale, the glass of the lantern of this lighthouse, 150 feet above sea-level, was smashed in, and on the top of the rock, during a winter storm, the men dare not venture for a moment from their hut as they would be blown off like flies. Indeed to keep the rock cable in place, a deep groove had to be cut down the rock face, and the cable firmly held in it by Portland cement.

II. PREECE'S INDUCTION METHOD.

Sir W. H. Preece was, until recently, the distinguished engineer-in-chief of the British Postal Telegraphs. In 1884 he found that signals which were being sent by telegraph along wires buried in the earth could be detected on the telephone wires strung on housetops 80 feet above the ground. Messages sent on the telegraph wire were actually read by an operator with the telephone receiver to his ear. Careful experiment showed that the effect was purely due to induction, and after many laboratory tests the investigation was continued on a larger scale by using the lines throughout the country. Between two square circuits of a single turn of insulated wire, one quarter of a mile to the side, and laid on the ground a quarter of a mile apart, conversation could be carried on by telephone. Numerous experiments were made on telegraph lines parallel to each other, and in one case effects were detected between wires along the east and west coasts, near the Scottish border, and over 30 miles apart. In 1895 the cable connecting the island of Mull and the mainland broke down, and a cable-ship could not be obtained immediately to repair it. So an insulated wire one and a half miles long was laid along the Argyshire coast, and grounded at the ends, and between it and the ordinary iron wire along the coast of Mull messages were exchanged for a week until the cable was repaired. Here the space signalled over was two miles, and about 160 messages were transmitted.

The best results, however, were obtained down by the Bristol Channel. Be-

tween Lavernock Point, in Wales, and the island of Flat Holm, on which is a fort, nearly three and a half miles out in the Channel, messages were freely sent. Indeed, the experiments were so successful that the line has been re-erected and made permanent, and has been used for regular daily service for the last two years. On the Welsh coast is a good copper conductor over a mile long suspended on poles and with the ends earthed, while on the island is a wire about one-third of a mile long, parallel to the first, and earthed in the same way. Thus the earth forms one half of each circuit, but Preece thinks that he has positively shown that the effect is in no wise due to earth conduction. A rapidly interrupted current from 50 Leclanché cells in one circuit is broken up by a key into dots and dashes, and these are heard in the second circuit, in a telephone receiver inserted into it, and are easily read as Morse signals.

An attempt to connect Ireland and England by induction was unsuccessful. In England the line wire ran from Carlisle, near the border, to the south-west point of Wales, and in Ireland a wire ran from Belfast to Wexford. Both ends of each were earthed. Then signals were produced in one circuit whilst a telephone receiver was inserted in the other. Signals were heard, but nothing definite. Preece describes it as a "weird, strange, babble of noises that was mysterious and disappointing." To allow this experiment to be made the entire telegraph system of the country was stopped from midnight to 2 a.m. one Sunday in June, 1895.

III. MARCONI'S HERTZ-WAVE METHOD.

The third system which has shown itself able to do "active service" is that devised by Marconi, whose recent brilliant success has provided many paragraphs for the sensational press. Gulielmo Marconi was born in Bologna in 1874, and from early youth has been an enthusiastic student of electricity. In July, 1896, he went to England and showed to Preece the method he had evolved for signalling without wires; and though the former was busily engaged at that very time in perfecting his own induction method, he most cordially received the young inventor, and together they proceeded to test the new method.

Marconi's system is entirely different from the others, and is based on the use of electric waves. At the beginning of the present century—which, by the way,

is still the *nineteenth*—several physicists, notably, Young and Fresnel, definitely established the undulatory theory of light on a firm foundation. According to this theory, light-energy is transmitted from one part of the universe to another by means of vibrations or quiverings of a substance which is supposed to fill all space and which is known as the ether. Shortly afterwards the illustrious Faraday began his experimental researches into the various phenomena of science, in the course of which he made a host of most important discoveries, many of them being the pioneer steps of the great practical advances in science during our own times.



GULIELMO MARCONI.

A distinguishing feature of Faraday's view of natural processes is his attempt to explain what is known as "action at a distance." Newton formulated the law according to which bodies act on each other, but Faraday sought to explain how the action took place. He felt certain that if one body exerts an action upon another, they cannot be absolutely isolated from each other with nothing whatever between them. To test the correctness of his view he placed various bodies between other bodies which were exerting electric or magnetic action on each other, and he found this action much modified. Indeed, he believed the medium between was absolutely essential, that it was the

means by which the influence was carried from one body to the other. If a body moves in any direction it must experience a push from behind or a pull from in front, and in electric, magnetic and other such forces this push or pull is due to the medium about the bodies. Somewhat similarly, many people think that in a common water-pump the water rises because it is "sucked up," whereas all the sucking in the world could not bring water forward unless the atmosphere (or other source of pressure) were present to push it from behind.

According to this modern view the *charging* of a conductor with electricity does not consist in pumping into it or heaping upon it so much of a very subtle fluid, but rather in twisting or distorting in some way the *ether* about the conductor, the greater the twist or strain the greater the "charge" which we consider as resting there. When an electric current (to used the old method of speaking) flowing in one coil is altered in any way, another current is induced in a neighbouring coil. To get a mental view of what goes on here we must consider the coils to be immersed in the ether, so that when that portion about one coil is distorted or strained in any way and the strain quickly released, the ether will spring back, but before settling down to its normal condition it will execute a number of oscillations, and the disturbance or shaking-up thus produced in the ether will spread out in every direction. When it arrives at the second coil it will be recognized there as a momentary electric current.

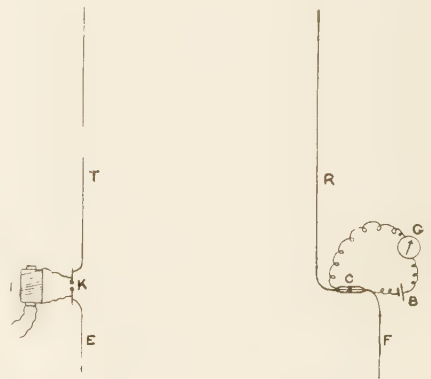
These were the views held by Faraday, and he attempted to measure the time required by electric or magnetic force to travel from one body to another, but he was unsuccessful. After him came James Clark Maxwell (born 1831; died 1879), who carefully studied Faraday's account of his researches and then set about putting them into mathematical language. In a paper published in 1864, an investigation of the electro-magnetic field was given on mechanical principles, and after a masterly analysis the conclusion was reached that electric and magnetic actions should be transmitted with a velocity numerically equal to the ratio between the electro-magnetic and electrostatic units of electricity. Actual measurement of this ratio showed it to be very nearly equal to the number expressing the velocity of light. Maxwell, therefore, concluded that he had demonstrated not only that electric action was due to something going on in a medium, but that this medium was the very ether postulated in the wave theory of light. Thus

luminous action should be considered as a particular kind of electrical action, and this hypothesis is known as the electro-magnetic theory of light.

This work was before the scientific public for many years before any direct experimental proof of its correctness was made. A very select few seemed to appreciate the problem and tried to solve it, but the great discovery was made by a young German professor of physics, Heinrich Hertz. In 1886, whilst experimenting with some lecture apparatus, he noticed a small spark where he had not expected it, and this apparently trivial observation formed the long-sought clue to the whole question. In the next four or five years Hertz published a series of papers describing his researches, in which he showed that the electric disturbances were transmitted in waves quite the same as light and with the same velocity, that they could be reflected, refracted and polarized quite the same as ordinary light-waves. Hertz died on January 1st, 1894, aged 37. His brilliant labours have been continued by a host of investigators in every part of the world, and many improvements in the method of generating and detecting the electric waves have been made.

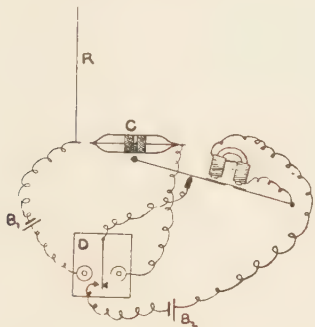
In order to excite these electric oscillations the ether must be strained and then let go suddenly. This is best done by causing sparks to pass between polished metallic knobs, from which the vibrations spread out in all directions just as does light from a candle. The eye, which is so marvellously sensitive to light-waves, is entirely unaffected by these longer waves, but a very simple method has been found to detect their presence. If a glass tube be filled with bits—such as filings or turnings—of metal, and an attempt be made to send a current of electricity through it, the resistance of the metallic pieces will be found to be very high; but if the tube be placed near the source of electric waves the resistance falls remarkably. The particles appear to “stick together,” and Lodge, who introduced this for the purpose of a detector of electric waves, therefore called it a coherer. Thus, suppose a galvanometer, a coherer and a voltaic cell be joined in series. Ordinarily the coherer has such a high resistance that the current is too small to affect the galvanometer, but, if sparks be produced near it, the galvanometer needle is at once deflected, showing a reduction in the resistance. A slight tap decoheres the detector, and it is then ready for further waves to produce their effect.

At once there would be suggested a method of signalling without wires—at one place have a suitable spark-producing apparatus, and at a distance away have a coherer circuit. The disturbance made by the former will be detected by the latter. This is Marconi's method. Before his work, the space over which signalling was possible was not very great, and in order to increase this distance Marconi introduced several modifications, the chief one being the addition of a long vertical wire to the transmitting knobs and the use of a special form of sensitive coherer. The former I think the essential improvement, and it increased the effectiveness of the apparatus to a remarkable degree. A tall, vertical wire is also added to the coherer circuit, but this is hardly original with Marconi, as Lodge had used the same idea some time before. The coherer consists of a small glass tube of about $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch internal diameter, with two silver pole-pieces fitting closely in this, and separated by a space of about $\frac{1}{25}$ of an inch, in which filings of nickel and silver are put. When properly adjusted, the tube is exhausted of air and sealed off. To “decohere” the tube and render it ready to receive new signals a



little hammer is made to strike against it as in an electric bell. In the second diagram is an outline of the essential parts of transmitter and receiver. I is the induction coil which produces sparks between the knobs K. To one knob is attached a long vertical wire, T, and to the other a wire, E, leading down to the earth. C is the coherer at the receiving station. From one end of it runs up a long vertical wire, R, while the other end is joined to earth by a wire F, though I believe this is not very necessary. The signals are observed here as deflexions of

the galvanometer, G, joined in circuit with a battery and the coherer. In the third diagram is shown the method by which the tube is decohered and prepared for other signals. The two ends of the coherer are joined to a delicate relay, D, a battery, B, being also in the circuit. When the resistance of the coherer, C, falls, caused by the arrival of the electric waves from the transmitter, the armature of the relay is drawn aside (to the left) and completes the circuit in which the electric vibrator and battery, B2, is



placed. As long as the waves fall on C, the vibrator will continue to tap the tube. It is usual to have a sounder, or an instrument for marking the signals on paper, but by simply listening to the length of time that the little hammer rattles against the tube, signals, according to the Morse code, can be read.

The greatest distance over which signals have been sent is eighty-five miles. During the recent international yacht race at New York, Marconi reported the progress Toronto University.

of the two yachts from a vessel carrying his transmitting apparatus. On his return to England by the S.S. *St. Paul*, messages were sent from the ship to the Needles (off the west end of the Isle of Wight) while yet seventy-six miles from them.

To the student of pure science, who is specially interested in new *principles*, and not in their commercial applications, Marconi's work seems very small compared to that of Faraday, Maxwell, Hertz or Lodge. He is rather an inventor, but as it is the successful inventor who appeals directly to the people, his name has been more prominent of late, and many think Marconi is the sole originator of the new telegraphy. Such a claim, I am sure, no one would more quickly repudiate than Marconi himself. However, when one examines the various improvements introduced by Marconi in perfecting his apparatus, or reads his patent specifications, and especially considers the fact that he has just completed his twenty-sixth year, it must be concluded that his work is most important, and that he has a brilliant future before him.

Before dismissing the subject, perhaps I should refer to a system which has been devised by Lodge, by which signals have been sent over two miles, but which has not yet been fully tested. It is based on the principle of electric oscillations, but in his apparatus they are not nearly so rapid as in Marconi's, and the receiving and transmitting devices are accurately "tuned" to each other, so that the receiver will respond to its proper transmitter and to no other. The effect is somewhat analogous to resonance in sound.

THE DYING CENTURY.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

Another Century dies,
In war and blood and pain.
Our longing, straining eyes
Look forth for Peace in vain.
For Christ the myriads fall
Butchered by Turk or Kurd.
Comes there no end? Is all
The hope of men in vain?
Comes not the Lord again
O'er all the Earth to reign,
As spake the Word?

Slow are God's judgments, slow
To man's impatient thought;
Slow-paced the Ages grow,
In vain the goal is sought.
Armed to the teeth to-day
The jealous peoples stand;

Worse blight than of decay,
Worse burden than of war,
The enormous fleets and legions
are;
Dumb Terror speeding fast and far
O'er sea and land!

'Tis nigh two thousand years
Since came the Prince of peace.
Return Thou, calm our fears,
Make strife and war to cease.
Thick clouds to-day of doubt
Obscure our faithful sight.
Shine, blessed Sun, shine out,
The storms of passion still.
Again, O hidden Will,
The wintry Earth fulfil
With Peace and Light.

—Independent.

SOUTH AFRICA: A CAPE TOWN VIEW.*

BY W. R. QUINAN.

[Abridged from *The Outlook*.]

The British Empire as we know it to-day, with its public conscience, its sense of justice and fair play, its toleration and protection of all creeds, all races and conditions of men; its splendid sons, kings in all but name, who go out to rule inferior races with beneficence and strength, is, as Captain Mahan says, a growth. There has been always a progress towards better things, but not without slips and false steps on the way. England's success as a colonizing power has been due mainly to a wise tempering of sentiment with common-sense. She has not prepared a procrustean bed and compelled her subject races to lie upon it. She has consulted their customs, respected their prejudices, confirmed their laws, and used their methods of administration when these could be made to serve her purpose.

When she took possession of the Dutch Colony of the Cape, about the beginning of the century, England made, on the whole, a good start. Towards their old home government, with its vexatious restrictions and regulations, the Dutch were somewhat disaffected. The greater freedom under English rule tended to remove all sources of irritation, and a wise, conciliatory policy might have produced in time a fusion of the two races into a harmonious people. This wholesome process received its first great check in the early thirties by the emancipation of the slaves and the subsequent legislation to protect them. This act of philanthropy was brought about with dramatic completeness throughout the British colonies by the missionaries and sentimentalists who at that time ruled the English Cabinet. Emancipation was

a step upward, but it should have been taken with caution and respect for the susceptibilities of the colonists. The blow fell chiefly upon the Dutch, who were the slave-holders of the colony. These people believed that they had been grievously wronged. They went forth, with bitterness in their hearts, to brave the perils of the wilderness rather than remain subject to England's colonial policy. The name of England to the ignorant, back-country Boer is still a synonym for oppression and injustice. To this period may be traced the beginnings of a race hatred which has been the hidden spring of South African woes. The missionaries have done noble work in South Africa, but it is doubtful if their good deeds are not more than offset by the mischief they unwittingly wrought during this period in alienating the two white races. Their activity in this work had a noble motive behind it—the protection of a weaker race—but it has borne bitter fruit.

The life on the veldt, which fostered a love of independence, and developed individuality, was not calculated to make the Boer a good member of organized society. In the days of the trekkers a certain degree of co-operation for the common defence was an absolute necessity; but when the savages were finally driven beyond the Limpopo, even this organization was lost, and each individual acted as though his immediate family was an independent state. The attempt to organize a settled government was a failure. The Boer would pay no taxes for its support, and would submit to no authority which he himself had created. In 1877 the country of the Transvaal Boers was bankrupt and in disorder from the rivalry of religious and political factions. Moreover, the country was menaced by powerful tribes both on the north and south. To the better-educated part of the people, a sprinkling of whom was English, the only safety seemed to be in annexation and the protecting arm of England. Most of the Boers themselves, if they did not favour the step, gave at least a sullen acquies-

*The author of this article is an American, a West Point graduate, who served for some years in the United States army. He has had somewhat unusual opportunities of becoming acquainted with the conditions of the South African problem, and this paper was written in response to the request of friends in America to state, for their benefit, the equities of the questions now occupying the attention of the world.—*The Editors of the Outlook*.

cence. The country was annexed by proclamation, and a Commissioner was permanently stationed at Pretoria to represent her Majesty.

The annexation has been condemned by an English historian as "scandalous," and yet so far as the Boers were concerned, it must be regarded, on the whole, as a generous act. The country was bankrupt, disordered, and apparently barren of resources. Its great mineral wealth was unknown. Moreover, the task of subduing the powerful Zulus under Cetewayo, undertaken as one of the preliminary conditions, was a gigantic one, which cost England dearly in blood and treasure, and should have earned some measure of gratitude from the defenceless Boers. In a few months more, under the menace of Cetewayo's organized legions and the pressure of internal disorders, an overwhelming majority of the people would have committed themselves to the step and been bound to support a government established with their consent. No such precaution was taken, and when the immediate dangers had passed, and Cetewayo's power had been broken, a party of opposition sprang up and grew like a mushroom in the night. Kruger, the most dangerous man to English supremacy, after a trip to England to protest against annexation, had accepted office under the Crown, and needed the stipend, because, like most of his countrymen, he was desperately poor. His office was taken from him, and his energies turned against the English.

No steps were taken to meet the storm which was coming, and the country was ablaze with insurrection while the British Commissioner was still sending out cheerful despatches. The war broke out in the autumn of 1880, and took England by surprise. The first news of the slaughter of British soldiers at Bronkerspruit was followed by the siege of the little garrisons scattered throughout the country.

The Governor of Natal, Sir George Colley, with an ill-conditioned force, attempted to relieve the beleaguered garrisons by invading the Transvaal, but the Boers took possession of the northern neck and kept him at bay. In the fighting the British were worsted in every encounter. It culminated in the disaster of Majuba, where a precipitous mountain was stormed by the Boers and a British

force of about equal strength annihilated. One of the most brilliant soldiers of the day, Sir George Colley, paid with his life for the blindness of the Pretorian Commissioner.

The subsequent history is well known. It is a curious and interesting fact that the present war has grown directly out of what the New York Herald declared at the time to be the most magnanimous act ever done by a powerful government towards a smaller state. The people of England, and especially the British army, longed to wipe out the stain of Majuba. The army seemed to hold the Boers in the hollow of its hand. Sir Evelyn Wood was within a few days' march of Majuba with an overwhelming force, Buller had already reached Cape Town, and Roberts, who had been appointed to the supreme command as in the present war, was on the way from England. The issue could not be doubted. But at the critical moment the British Ministry cried, "Halt." As Mr. Balfour has said in a recent speech, it was done partly from magnanimity and partly from fear—fear that the whole of South Africa would be set ablaze with the horrors of civil war. We are free to think that it was magnanimity on the part of Gladstone, and fear on the part of some of his colleagues that made them consent to the plan. We in America, with our admiration for the "Grand Old Man," are willing to believe that he made a terrible mistake, but we are not willing to believe that he was swayed except by the noblest motives. We imagine him saying, "We will not conquer this brave people. Our annexation of their country was a mistake. We thought they wished it, but it is evident they do not. We will give them back their internal independence and restore peace to South Africa. We will gain their good will, and in a little while the races will harmonize, and there will be no more trouble in the country."

How has the result justified these hopes of one of the best and noblest men in the world? The brave but ignorant Boers took a different view. They had no means of forming a judgment beyond the narrow horizon of their own experience. They thought that they had fought England to a standstill, and that she had declined to renew the contest for fear of worse defeat. From the case with which they had beaten the

British soldiers under Colley, they conceived a superiority of race. Every Boer was better and braver than a "Rooinek,"* and thus, to a previous sentiment of dislike, was added another even more dangerous to the peace of South Africa: a contempt for the fighting qualities of the rival race.

A common-sense moral can be drawn from this: magnanimity to an enemy, unless he recognizes it as such, is a mistake.

The discovery of the gold fields in the Transvaal, and the rush of foreigners to the Rand, have hastened the march of events by bringing the races into irritating contact, and creating issues upon which agreement was impossible.

The Transvaal became the plague-spot from which spread the disease of unrest to all parts inhabited by the two races. In Cape Colony the Dutch and English have enjoyed for some years the benefits of constitutional government. All are equal before the law, and, but for the Transvaal question, the two races might have buried their differences in a common prosperity. That question has divided them in recent years—though there are many individual exceptions—into two hostile camps. The campaign of Majuba was unfinished. Nothing was really settled by it. It was a chapter in a book, broken off abruptly, leaving the story—the question at issue—in suspense.

The Boers have realized this more clearly than the English, and they have made extraordinary preparations for the coming trial. From a weak pastoral community they have grown in a few years into the greatest military power, in proportion to population, on the face of the globe. The wealth that has come to them through the exploitation of their mineral resources by the Uitlanders they have spent in building forts, in purchasing guns and munitions of war, and in hiring European experts to teach them gunnery and military engineering. It has been a settled belief among the more ignorant that they could whip England single-handed at any time, and without these helps, but the leaders have left no stone unturned to insure success.

* A contemptuous epithet or nickname for an Englishman in common use among the Dutch—meaning "red neck," in allusion to the sensitiveness of the Englishman's skin under the African sun.

England, on the contrary, has been blind to the situation. She has allowed a great military power, intensely hostile to her, to grow up under her very nose. Thousands of rifles, hundreds of modern guns, and tons of ammunition have passed through her ports, and been forwarded over her railways to the Transvaal, without exciting the slightest suspicion or even interest. Feeling secure in her great strength and pacific intentions, or absorbed in commercial matters, she has remained only half-conscious of what was going on. While the leviathan slept, her pygmy antagonist wrought and waxed strong and got ready for the fight.

The policy and plans of the Boer leaders have been clearly disclosed under the searchlight of war. General Joubert's letters to friends in Europe have shown the simple method of hoodwinking the British Intelligence Department. Moreover, when war was declared, and there was no longer anything to be gained by concealment, some of these leaders discussed their plans frankly with Uitlanders, who were late in leaving the Rand, so that there is no longer any doubt as to certain salient facts.

The Boers had determined to repudiate the Convention of 1884, and declare their absolute independence at the first favourable opportunity—that is, when England was embarrassed by some European complication, and could not devote her energies to Africa. If war resulted, the Boers intended to invade Natal, and reduce that province before sufficient troops could be assembled for its defence. Kimberley, with its diamond mines, was also to be wrested from the British and restored to its rightful owner, the Free State. How nearly this programme was carried out in the present war every one knows. That the Boers expected valuable help from their Dutch brethren in Cape Colony is also evident.

However this may be, eight months ago not a prominent Englishman in Africa or elsewhere believed a war possible—for one reason, the odds seemed too great; while every Boer leader in the Transvaal knew that unless England proved craven it was inevitable—but the time was not ripe then. The favourable moment had not come. England was free-handed. The Boers must complete their preparations, as far as possible, and must have water and grass for their ponies,

to enable them to take the field. The autumn would bring these advantages, and likewise gales on the Atlantic to cripple the English transports. So they sparred for time in the negotiations till the proper hour had come, when they had more to lose than to gain by delay, and then threw down the gauntlet.

England had been outwitted once more. She had to accept the challenge and enter upon a contest, the magnitude of which, in the beginning, she had no conception of. She is now paying in blood and treasure for some of her past mistakes. But no one can say that she is not nobly

making the sacrifice. She has awaked at last, and not a moment too soon. A little more delay, a little more blindness, and her South African empire would have been lost to her forever.

Whatever may be our admiration for and sympathy with the brave Boers, we must not forget that the present is a struggle between progress and mediaevalism. England's cause is the cause of modern civilization, of all that marks our advance in freedom, justice, and political altruism for the last hundred years. God be with her, for there is much at stake.

THE VANITY OF MUCH SPEAKING.

BY CYRUS H. YOUNG.

A superficial observer would have at once christened Felix Lane as the most religious man in the whole village of Furra. Every Sunday saw him in his accustomed pew in the small brick church, an attentive listener to the truths set forth. At the weekly Wednesday night prayer-meeting in the basement of the church he was a punctual attendant, and whenever other such meetings were held from home to home during the winter months, he was the first and heartiest to give assistance. Many revival services had been conducted by consecutive ministers on that circuit, and in each of these he was a prominent and progressive figure. He could make a longer and more expressive prayer, and could give a testimony or exhortation more eloquent, substantiating his words with Biblical quotations more numerous and apt than any of his church contemporaries.

He was among the first to extend a friendly hand to a new pastor. He contributed quite munificently into the treasury of the church. If a requirement for charity came directly under his eyes he gave to the fulfilment of the demand. In his daily business he was honest and upright, dealing aright to the smallest fraction. Therefore I say, he might, to a man who looked merely over these things, have been termed Furra's most religious character.

And Felix himself believed with all his heart that he was a very godly man. But this does not imply that he considered himself a perfect example before men. 'Tis true he thought that he

was leading a blameless life, void of offence before God and man, yet he often said that many of his fellows were better than he. He ever sought to discover any faults that perchance by accident were creeping into his spiritual life, and to this end he made frequent analysis of his daily walk, and it was always untold satisfaction to find, as he terminated his meditations, that his path according to his view was in all straightness. He dealt honestly with all men. He loved his fellow beings and had done wrong to no man. He searched the Scriptures diligently and prayed twice a day to his Creator. Before men he lifted up his Saviour and pointed out the way of life. What else could he do? Surely, surely, he was a righteous man?

But there was one thing that always puzzled him; one thing he never could understand. Notwithstanding the rectitude of his life as it appeared to him, very, very few persons seemed to have any great faith in him. His neighbours listened to his eloquent exhortations, and to his earnest supplications that men might be saved from the wrath to come. But he noticed that few, if any, imputed his efforts to pure and holy motives, and that his seed fell upon barren ground indeed. Believing himself to be one of God's humble children, and one of His instruments for bringing wandering souls to Himself, this state of feeling he never could comprehend.

Perhaps if he had been in the parlour of one of his neighbour's houses one afternoon, he would have heard from the lips

of two young ladies some sentiments that might have directed his mind into a channel where it had never dreamed of moving before. It was the winter season, revival services were in full progress in that village church, and Felix had conducted the meeting in the absence of the pastor on the previous evening.

"It was a very profitable meeting," remarked one of the ladies, Miss Day. "Mr. Lane is nearly as good as the pastor himself."

"Pshaw!" returned the other lady, Miss Black, "I wouldn't give a copper for all his fine words and speeches. What good are they without a force behind them?"

"But Mr. Lane certainly is a good man?"

"Perhaps he is; but if so some of his conduct looks strange to me. Why, just the other day he discharged one of his clerks, a boy, the only support of his widowed mother, for making a slight mistake in an account. The poor fellow is nearly broken-hearted about it, for it's so hard for one in his station to get a job, and if he doesn't get one the people of the village will have to help them, for they're very poor, even though honest and industrious. Now that's just the way he deals with every one else. If people don't come up to his standard he just cuts them off, and still he says he loves them. It's a curious way of showing it, I think."

"It certainly doesn't look reasonable," said Miss Day, beginning to weigh the religion of Felix; "there might be better ways of showing his love."

"Far better; and even in last night's meeting, there was something that hurt me very much. Did you notice anything out of the way?"

"Not particularly."

"Why, didn't you see that not one person said a word to poor Florence Gray, who came forward for the first time last night? She is a nice girl, and pretty, I think, but her parents have had struggles to get along. Now, it was Mr. Lane's duty, as leader of that service, to go, even if none else did, and speak some words of comfort and cheer to her. But he did not, and I can't help but believe it was because she was so poorly dressed, for he went to every one of the other seekers. Suppose we go now and make her a visit?"

"I'm ready; I would be happy in doing her any good."

So they went, and I have no doubt that when they left her, more joy was in Florence's heart than it had known for many a year.

Innocent Felix did not know what argument his life had lent to his neighbours, nor did he seem to realize that the two points noted by Miss Black were in any way derogatory to Christian living, nor that he was every day making similar additions to them, and thereby causing more and more distrust in his neighbours towards himself. "Friends," he said, in the course of his remarks that evening, "I thank God that I am at peace with all men. I love my fellow beings and earnestly strive to do them all the good I can, even as Christ went up and down the land of Palestine doing good. I pray that my heart may be filled with more charity, more sympathy, more justice than ever before, and that I shall never bring scorn upon the name of Jesus."

Perhaps he meant these words, but his neighbours failed to see them verified in his actions.

But a clearer conception of the truth was soon to be revealed to Felix, and he was soon to see from whence proceeded the villagers' small faith in him.

One evening towards the close of these services, he got into a slight controversy with one of the younger men of the congregation over the matter and length of testimonies.

"Don't you think," said the young man, "that when men make such a glowing and lengthy testimony, that they tell of more than they exactly feel?"

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," replied Felix. "If a man's heart is filled he must express what is there."

"But come a little closer to what I mean; aren't there plenty of men who never do half what ought to be prompted from what they say they feel?"

"Well, to confess the truth," replied Felix, very reluctantly, "I believe there are."

"Then it follows that they are deceiving themselves."

"If they do not act in accordance with what they say they feel in the heart, they are."

"Are they wilfully, then, leading a deceptive life?"

"Oh! hardly; you see it's a hard thing to express clearly one's religion."

"Much more then should their testimonies not be a thoughtless group of sentences, but a studied delivery, and if they cannot express aright, they should not express at all."

"But we are told to let our light shine before men."

"How? by word testimonies and

prayers before men? Oh! no; we are to so shine that men may see our good works, good works to be accented before anything else, and then, and then only, will we give forth a true light."

Felix Lane went home that night thinking as he had never thought before. Was he giving forth the true light; he began to ask himself: Did his daily deeds bear out the exact sentiments he so exuberantly expressed? Did he really feel in his soul all the Christian essentials he so frequently told to his neighbours? Were all his acts keeping time to the spiritual music he professed to hear? Closely he examined the application of these inquiries, and in the end he was compelled to admit that he was among that class of men who were not doing what their profession should, if true, execute.

In the solitude of his own kitchen that night, while his family slept peacefully in the adjoining room, it was impressed upon him for the first time that he said a great deal more than he performed. Taking up his Bible, he opened it and his eyes fell immediately upon these words penned by Israel's wisest king: "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few." He turned over a few pages until he came to

these lines: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

That was all the information he needed, and as he closed the book, how mightily he saw his own deficiency! He had read those very words over fifty, yea, hundreds of times, but he never saw their true meaning before. He had deceived himself, he had professed attainments which in reality he had not reached; and thereby the cause of the neighbours' slim faith was plainly shown to him. There in the solemn midnight hour he got down on his knees and pleaded with God in secret, and as his after life showed he was rewarded openly.

A few days afterwards the discharged clerk was back at his post, and numerous other wrongs Mr. Lane had done formerly, believing them just, were remedied. In his religious walk also there was a vast change. His prayers were shorter and more tersely expressed; his word testimonies were of a more humble character, and it was said of him that his deeds stood against his words as two to one. Furra's citizens reposed faith to the uttermost in him, and with true admiration pointed him out as one of the most, if not the most, pious men in the community.

Chambers, Ont.

ENGLAND.

Who would trust England, let him lift his eyes
 To Nelson, columned o'er Trafalgar Square,
 Her hieroglyph of Duty, written where
 The roar of traffic hushes to the skies;
 Or mark, while Paul's vast shadow softly lies
 On Gordon's statued sleep, how praise and prayer
 Flush through the frank young faces clustering there
 To con that kindred rune of Sacrifice.
 O England, no bland cloud-ship in the blue,
 But rough oak, plunging on o'er perilous jars
 Of reef and ice, our faith will follow you
 The more for tempest roar that strains your spars
 And splits your canvas, be your helm but true,
 Your courses shapen by the eternal stars.

—*Jay Lincoln, in the April Atlantic.*

"If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
 O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
 He who best does his lowly duty here,
 Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere;
 At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
 And he is nearest Him who serves Him best."

—*Samuel Greg.*

The World's Progress.



THE EMPIRE'S MESSAGE.

THE EMPIRE'S MESSAGE.

Proud and erect and strong
 She stands on her sea-girt shore,
 Mother of nations and righter of wrong ;
 And the voices that mocked her—the hate-
 hissing throng
 Are silent and mock no more.

Hushed is the howl of scorn,
 As radiant out of the night
 She lifts her face to the golden morn,
 And feels the thrill of the day new-born
 That heralds her Empire's might.

Patient and slow to wrath,
 But keeping her watch and ward,
 A cry came ringing from South to North,
 She heard ; and the flame in her eyes leapt
 forth,
 And the sunlight gleamed on her sword !

And lo ! as her blade she drew,
 From her Empire's uttermost line
 The answering swords from their scabbards
 flew,
 And her sons cried " Mother ! to dare and do
 Our heart and our arms are thine ! "

* And swift to her side they sprang,
 And a circle around her cast,
 And over the battlefield's clamour and clang
 Her voice through the world to her enemies
 rang—
 " Ye witness my strength at last ! "

And the mother is proud of her own
 For happy, serene, and great,
 She knows them her flesh and her blood and
 her bone,
 Hate vainly assails her impregnable throne,
 For Love is stronger than Hate.

—*Democritus, in Manchester Chronicle.*



THE LATE GENERAL JOUBERT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,
He had no part, whose hands were clean of gain ;
But subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one,
Telling old battles over without hate,
Noblest, his name shall pass from sire to son.

—*Harper's Weekly* (copyright).

By the death of General Joubert the Boer cause lost its noblest leader, the one heroic figure of the Transvaal. Joubert was French, not Dutch, a man inheriting much of the old Huguenot character and traditions. And yet the very epithet applied to Joubert by the Dutch shows their low and perverted ideals. He was "Slim Piet" ("Sly Peter,") a man of the typical craft and cunning which the Boers

The Queen again showed her womanly tact and sympathy by sending a message of condolence to his widow.

TRANSPORTING AN ARMY.

One of our engravings gives a view of the animated scene between decks on a transport ship during that important function, dinner. One of the most strik-



ON BOARD A TRANSPORT SHIP.*

so much admire. Had he been President instead of Kruger, a different solution of the Transvaal question would have been found. If, however, Joubert was responsible, as he seems to have been, for the cowardly trick of seeking to drown out the hospitals and woman's laager at Ladysmith, by using thousands of Kaf-firs to dam the Klip River, it was not a very heroic performance.

ing features of this unhappy war is the ease with which Great Britain carried an army of two hundred thousand men, with all their stores, artillery, waggons, guns, ammunition, with many thousands of horses and mules, from the homeland, from Canada, Australia or Tasmania, across wide seas at the stormy season of the year, and conveyed them into the heart of a hostile country. This is an



TROOPS MARCHING PAST TOWN HALL, KIMBERLEY.

achievement which even the grudging acknowledgment of carping foreign critics can neither minify nor deny. Apart from the inevitable discomforts of the sea voyage, these hundreds of thousands of men were carried with an ease and safety, with a sanitary protection and physical comfort, such as were impossible for princes at the beginning of her Majesty's reign.

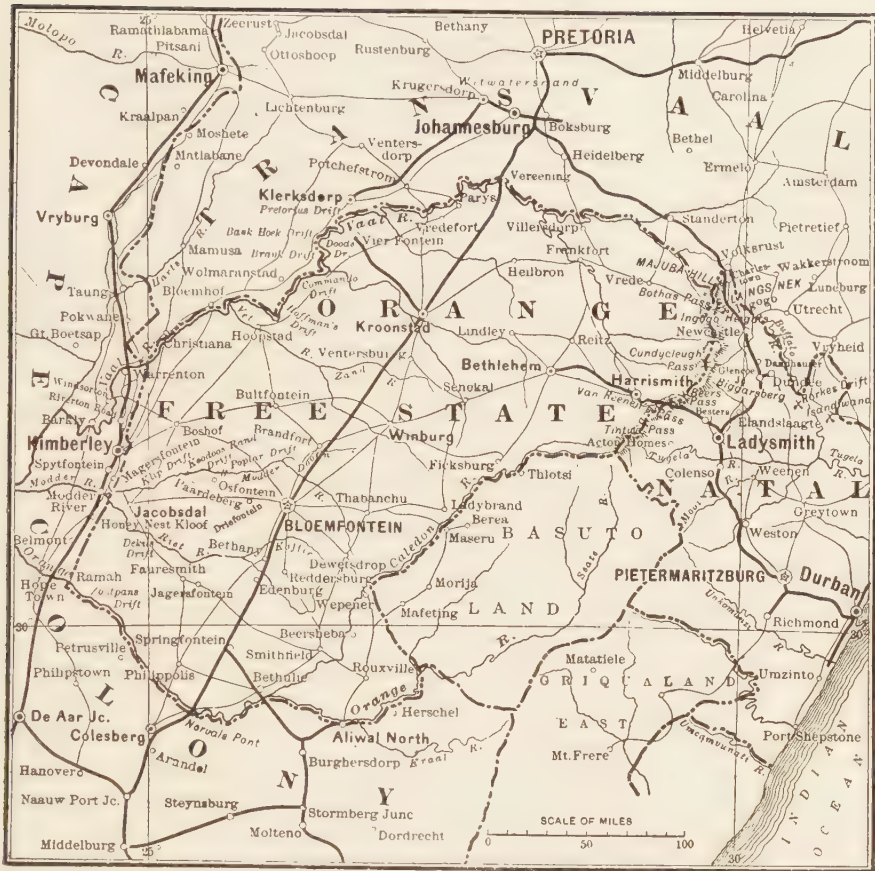
BRITAIN VINDICATED.

It is highly creditable to the people of Great Britain and the United States that they are anxious to be satisfied as to the righteousness and justice of the British in this unhappy South African war. A very necessary and important education has been going on on this subject. The testimony of those best qualified to judge, and most impartial in character, amply vindicates the contention of Great Britain. One of these testimonies is that of Bishop Hartzell, missionary bishop of South Africa, who has just returned to the United States after a forty-thousand-mile journey through the Dark Continent. His report gives strongest evidence of the righteousness of Great Britain's cause.

The April number of the *London Quarterly Review*, edited by the Rev. T. L. Watkinson, the highest organ of British Methodism, has two articles on this subject. One by Geoffrey Drage, M.A., M.P., Chairman of the Imperial South African Association, reviews the

whole situation and quotes from the clergy, synods, and conferences of the Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational and Roman Catholic Churches, and even from the testimony of some clergymen of the Dutch Reformed (Boer) Church. These men, who have lived for years in South Africa, who are familiar with the whole history of the controversy, who speak with a sense of responsibility and the authority of full knowledge, strongly maintain the justice of Great Britain and the wrongness of the Transvaal. This is such an important document that we shall give its substance more fully in our next number. In addition to this, all the ministers in Kimberley, many of those in Natal and elsewhere, add their testimony in similar vein. Yet Mr. Stead, whose foible is omniscience, in the safe seclusion of his editorial chair, is bitterly pro-Boer in denouncing the attitude and action of his own country, and asserting the integrity of the forsworn traitors of the Transvaal and Cape Colony.

Another article in the *London Quarterly* recites at length the history of the Boers and the natives in South Africa. The Wesleyan Church, whose missions began in 1814, have the large number of 109,254 coloured members in South Africa, more than twice as many as any other body. But the South African Reformed Church, or "Doppers," of which President Kruger is a shining light, although it has been in the country for nearly two hundred years, has not



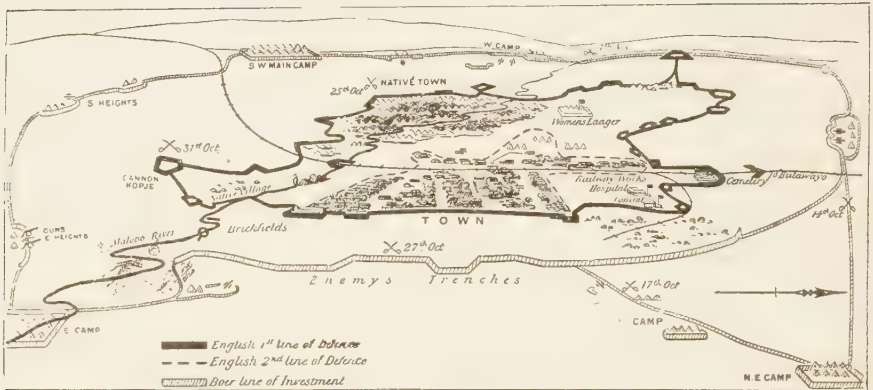
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

one. At the Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church, held at Pretoria only two years ago, a resolution was admitted forbidding any of the ministers or officers, on pain of expulsion, to preach Christianity to the natives. King Khama, a converted native chief, reflects lustre on Christian character. "If King Khama," says the *Review*, "be compared with President Kruger, the white man will not appear to advantage in the eyes of men who esteem fitness of administration to times and circumstances."

AN HEROIC DEFENCE.

According to the latest despatches, the siege of Mafeking is being pressed with great vigour by the Boers, and the condition of the garrison, who are reduced to horse-flesh and bread made from horse fodder, is almost desperate. The accompanying sketch shows the British lines

of defence and the Boer lines of investment. It is given by the London *Graphic*, and is from a drawing by a British officer in Mafeking, brought by runner to Bulawayo. The officer gives the following summary up to November 15th, of the siege which has been so gallantly withstood under the skilful direction of Col. Baden-Powell: "The siege began on October 13th, when a small force of British irregulars, police, and townspeople took up the defence under Imperial officers. The town and native town contained about 7,500 native inhabitants, and 1,000 whites. The enemy's force consisted of about 8,000 men, with nine guns, who surrounded and bombarded the place. The garrison made several vigorous counter-strokes, by which they discouraged the enemy from pushing home any attacks. The British losses up to November 15th have been two officers and seventeen men killed; four officers,



MAP SHOWING THE DEFENCES OF MAFEKING.

thirty-two men, two women, and one child wounded. The enemy's losses have been over 100 killed and 370 wounded. The accompanying sketch map explains the relative positions of the forces. The flags shown are Red Cross flags, which have been persistently fired upon by the Boer guns. The convent, in particular, is now a wreck. The crossed swords show scenes of engagements up to the date named—in each of which the garrison came off victorious."

The isolated condition of the garrison at Mafeking, holding, with a few hundred men, that outpost of Empire against beleaguering swarms of Boers armed with the deadliest enginery of war, is one of the most heroic episodes in history. "And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew." The above map indicates the mode of its assault and defence, and our engraving of the despatch carrier shows the peril of maintaining communications with the outer world.



CARRYING A DESPATCH FROM MAFEKING.

BLOEMFONTEIN, THE BEAUTIFUL.

The capital of the Free State is one of those happy, idyllic little towns where it is always afternoon. There is no bustle about the streets, no commotion in its highways (it has only one), and nothing occurs more exciting than the morning market or the quarterly nachtmaal.

One hears a deal of English in the streets. Probably it is the native language of nearly one-half of the white population. One also notices a preponderance of pure Scots Doric, for Scotsmen are in the ascendant in Bloemfontein. Many members of the Volksraad are of Scottish descent, as such frequently recurring names as Fraser, Macfarlane, Stuart, Macintosh, and Innes abundantly testify.

The public buildings of Bloemfontein are quite imposing in their way. The



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

Raadzaal, or House of Parliament, is an important edifice with some architectural pretension. It has a domed tower, and looks like something between a gorgeous masonic temple and a palatial music-hall. It cost nearly £70,000, and was furnished by one of the most artistic and enterprising houses of Tottenham-Court Road. Churches are prevalent in every street, almost at every corner; in fact, Bloemfontein is one of the few South African towns in which there are more churches and chapels than there are canteens.

The presidency of Mr. Steyn is a rather large and important building of white stone, of a somewhat mixed order of architecture, but exceedingly comfortable, cool, and commodious in structure. It cost nearly £20,000 to build, and has a pretty garden of old English flowers, such as hollyhocks, clove-pinks, stocks, and peonies.

Bloemfontein is a great educational centre, and there is a very fine college, presented by Sir George Grey, erstwhile Premier of Cape Colony, and the Grand Old Man of South Africa. It is known as the Grey College, and has turned out some remarkable scholars.

A DUST STORM.

(See next page.)

In a letter to the London *Daily Mail* Julian Ralph, one of that journal's corre-

spondents, describes the section of country around Belmont and Gras Pan as being every whit as bad as the desert of Sahara, being bare sand and stone.

Speaking of the dust, a correspondent of the London *Morning Post* remarks that even on the stillest days, without warning, it rises in thin twisting spirals of yellow sand, which take their own way, beautiful and abominable, across the camp, befouling everything, upsetting everything that stands across their course, and reaching for hundreds of feet upwards into the still blue sky. It is not, though, the dust which comes in dainty spirals, but that which arrives in overwhelming clouds, which is most feared; for the latter hides, not a tent here and



THE PRESIDENCY.

Now occupied by Lord Roberts and his staff.

there, but an entire camp, the roof of heaven, all vestige of the world. Such blinds the eyes, fills the mouth with gritty foulness, and covers every inch of the body with a film of brown, and which lasts, not for a few moments, but for hours.

WAITING.

Some of us can remember when for months the standing phrase in the American press was, "All quiet on the Potomac." We may be thankful that Lord Roberts is strong enough not to be stampeded into action till he is ready. His "masterly



MARKET SQUARE, BLOEMFONTEIN.



A DUST STORM.

inactivity" seems to be wearing out the strength of the Boers, who are impelled to action to keep their forces from melting away. He may thus save many valuable lives.

The capture of a few British companies, as the result of criminal carelessness in scouting, has given Kruger and Leyds an opportunity to do some more "tall lying" in order to stimulate the flagging energies of the disheartened Boers and of the anti-British press. A more potent cause, however, in the United States, is the political exigencies which make the next election pivot upon the relations of Great Britain and the United States.

The best and most intelligent opinion, however, is in favour of Britain. Captain Mahan, of the United States Navy, says: "I have paid some attention to the matter, and believe the Boer Government and administration to be that of a corrupt and oppressive oligarchy. Is it possible that there are Americans who, in the face of the records, really believe that in the community of contemporary peoples the Transvaal, rather than Great Britain, stands for the cause of political liberty and purity of administration?"

MISTAKEN SYMPATHY FOR REPUBLICS.

"There is not a Republic on earth, except Switzerland and the United States," says Thomas G. Sherman, in the *North American Review*, "in which there is even an approximation to the honesty of administration found in at least six European monarchies; nor anything like the combination of governmental honesty, judicial impartiality, equality of rights, personal liberty, and liberality towards Americans which can be found in those monarchies and in all of the British colonies."

RESPONSIBILITY FOR ASSASSINATION.

For the dastardly attempt at the assassination of the heir to the British throne we hold Dr. Leyds and the pro-Boer propaganda of Belgium largely responsible. Every art of vituperation, fraud and guile have been employed to embitter the prejudice against Great Britain, the Queen, and the Royal Family. The most scurrilous invective and indecent caricature of the august lady, beloved and revered throughout the British Empire, have been freely used. Small wonder that a crack-brained fanatic thought that he was serving humanity by the murder of persons charged with the blood-guiltiness of the Boer war.

It was similar denunciations of Lincoln and Garfield, by an unscrupulous party press, that led Wilkes Booth and Guiteau to the cowardly assassination of the nation's head. We have small hope, however, that this exposure of the guilt of the vitriol press of Paris and Brussels will have any result in restraining its virulence.



A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The Burial Place of Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer at the Orange River.

—From a photograph.

"'Tis in loving, not in being loved, the heart is blest;
'Tis in giving, not in seeking gifts, we find our quest."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

A CHRISTIAN DAILY.

The critics have all had their fling at Mr. Sheldon's "Christian Daily," and, sooth to say, the paper was not beyond criticism, as what paper is? Yet it presented a high ideal of what a Christian paper ought to be, and in the conspicuous absence of objectionable features and strong presentation of great moral and religious, economic and philanthropic themes, it was a marked contrast to the sensational and pernicious papers so widely current in the United States. This object-lesson is not so much needed



REV. CHARLES SHELDON.

in Canada. We believe the Canadian press, in its attitude to religious and moral subjects, is the best in the world. We have been a diligent reader of its issues for many years, and are more and more impressed with the cleanness, the pure and noble aims, and the high average efficiency, with very few exceptions, of both the rural and the urban press of Canada. Compared with the vile sheets which circulate in France, Belgium and other continental countries, and even some of the United States, it is something to be proud of.

Mr. Sheldon openly avows that his inspiration and ideal was suggested by a Canadian paper, the *Montreal Witness*, which for half a century has been edited on loftiest Christian principles. Many thousands of dollars have been sacrificed by the refusal of this paper to print theatrical or liquor advertisements, and other things of questionable character. Its point of criticism and review has been thoroughly Christian. It has been an educative force of incomparable value in thousands of Canadian families. The weak point of our party press is the often uncandid and unjust treatment of party politics and politicians, and in this the greatest sinners are not the rural press, but some of the great city dailies.

We do not endorse all of Mr. Sheldon's methods. We question the propriety of reading a serial story, however excellent it may be, from the pulpit on Sunday. But he is a man of conscience and convictions, knows the field in which he works, and if by these religious parables he can gain the ears and reach the hearts of the people, it is not for us to gainsay his methods. Certainly he has won a constituency of readers for his religious stories that possibly no writer, except John Bunyan, has ever had before, and a thousand-fold greater than Bunyan ever reached during his life. This success shows, at least, that the common people whom, Abraham Lincoln says, the Lord must love because He made so many of them, will read gladly pure and simple tales which are intended to lift them to a nobler life.

DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART'S CASE.

For several years past it has been customary to point to Dr. St. George Mivart, a well-known English scientist, as an example of the large degree of liberty of thought allowed in the Roman Catholic Church. Dr. Mivart continued to be a member of that Church, although he openly avowed his acceptance of the most advanced and speculative theories of modern science and criticism. But the extreme character of his views regarding the authority of the Scriptures and the Church, has at last resulted in his expulsion from the Roman Catholic Church. We are not concerned here to dwell on

the history of the case; but simply to refer to the position of the parties, and the final result. After considerable discussion and negotiation, a confession of faith prepared by Cardinal Vaughan was submitted for Dr. Mivart to subscribe. He declined to do this and his excommunication was the result. We have not read the Church side of the case, and therefore do not know all that has been said in defence. Dr. Mivart had a long article in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, from which one can get an idea of the main features of the case. It is a matter in which we do not agree with either of the parties in the controversy. The representatives of the Catholic Church maintain the Divine authority and inspiration of the Scriptures with an explicit positiveness that would surprise many Protestants, who regard that Church as making the word of God of no effect with its traditions.

The weak points on the Church side of the controversy are (1) the inclusion of the Apocrypha as a part of the canonical Scriptures, and (2) making deliverances of popes and councils arbitrarily binding on the conscience of all its members. We, of course, do not believe that the Church of Rome is right. But her administrators who believe that she is right could hardly have avoided excommunicating Dr. Mivart. The weak points on Dr. Mivart's side were these: (1) The dogmatic way in which he assumed that opinions which he thought fit to call scientific results should be accepted as unquestionable verities, before which the Church and the Bible must give way. (2) That he should set forth a conception of the Bible scarcely distinguishable from that of the late Col. Ingersoll, as offensive to Protestants as to Catholics, and yet think he should be regarded as a loyal son of any Christian Church. The following quotation from his article will show where Dr. Mivart stands, and also the kind of teaching that is now set forth by some as results of scientific biblical criticism. He says: "In very truth, the Bible is a complex collection of varied documents. They contain much that is admirable and valuable; but also legends, myths, contradictory assertions, accounts expressly falsified to suit later times, mere human fictions and words spoken in the name of the Lord, without there being any authority for attributing to them such a sacred character. There are writings which merit most reverent treatment; and there are stories no more worthy of respect than the history of 'Jack and the Beanstalk.'" E. H. D.

The recent death of Dr. St. George Mivart lends additional interest to this controversy. Dying outside of the pale of the Church, and without its sacrament, his body has been refused burial in consecrated ground.

THE BISHOPS' APPEAL.

Few more stirring documents have been presented to the Christian Church than the appeal of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church for increased consecration and devotion, for a week of abstinence and prayer, for a renewed Pentecost in connection with the approaching General Conference. It points out the great need of the Church, a revival of pure, undefiled religion. The conditions of Methodism in Canada and the United States are so similar, that these earnest words are as appropriate for us as for them. We give a few sentences from this apostolic document:

"Let us not deceive ourselves. This decline in our membership is not an accident. It comes from a sufficient cause. That cause is the slipping cog in our experience—our lack of spiritual power. . . . We have one dire disease—spiritual famine—lack of the witness of the Spirit, lack of personal experience, lack of spiritual power. . . . We will only enumerate some of the symptoms.

"The gulf between capital and labour threatens us both sides. On one side, 'not many mighty, not many noble, are called.' On the other hand, strange forces are alienating the poor. . . . The labour unions, organized most compactly, are much influenced by men hostile to the Church. Their gatherings are generally on the Sabbath, thus keeping the men out of our reach.

"The submerged tenth has been allowed to pass out to other agencies. We seem in some places above our business.

"One border of this Church has been frayed out by the thin speculations and vagaries of Christian Science.

"The powerful camp-meetings of our fathers have been superseded in many localities.

"The literature found in our homes is too often too light to nourish strong religious characters. . . .

"Amusements are sought after as if they were a necessity. Like little children, people of all ages think they must be amused.

"The moral and spiritual forces of the Church, necessary for the building of

great and Christlike characters, seem to be sidetracked. . . .

"The searching of the heart, that must precede every great work of revival, is often avoided as the fanaticism of a past age.

"Higher criticism attacks the Bible itself, denying its supernatural character and divine authority. While this higher criticism is limited to a few centres, yet its influence is filtered down through much of our literature, taking the authority out of the teaching and the power out of the preaching. The Bible loses its divine authority. Sin loses its fatal sting. The law loses its sanction, and God's government is reduced to a few rules concerning æsthetics.

"These are among the principal symptoms indicating the famine that enervates our Zion. We are retreating, when we should advance at double-quick to keep abreast of the rushing events of our time. The trouble is in the slipping cog in our experience, our lack of power. The old heroes who fought Calvinism with a short sword, and scattered the forces of ridicule and social contempt with the lightning of an indignant glance, and routed all enemies with a 'Thus saith the Lord,' would have coveted a contest with these little difficulties.

"And this, too, just as greatest crises in the world's history are confronting us; when unparalleled opportunities are appealing to us. We must not retreat; we must go forward. Down upon our knees till 'the Spirit answers to the Blood, and tells us we are born of God.' Down upon our knees till priest and parishioner alike cry out, 'Here am I, send me!' No matter to what danger, or duty, or sacrifice; only use *me*, send *me*, let *me* be an instrument in Thy hand!"

The Prohibition press expresses surprise that no words should be addressed to the Church as to its attitude towards the liquor power. One writer says:

"Now a worse curse than human slavery, a fearful scourge, physical, social, moral, political, more destructive than war, pestilence, and famine, thrives and flourishes and expands, and is carried to our most remote possessions under the flag. And still the Methodist Episcopal Church condones the awful crime and purposes to ratify it with her votes."

We think this judgment unjust to that great Church which has formally declared the liquor traffic "cannot be licensed without sin," and some of whose ministers have died as martyrs in an anti-liquor crusade. Certainly no

stronger enemy of the drink exists in Canada than the Methodist Church.

Our Methodist exchanges call attention to a new type of revival conducted by Bishops Vincent and Warren in Denver, Colorado. There was no signing of cards, showing of hands, standing up or coming forward for prayers. There were strong, cogent appeals to the intellect and judgment of large audiences of men who met day after day in these services. Those who were truly penitent were invited to join in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, whose consecrated influence as a means of grace was magnified by extending it to those who were seekers after God, and were ready to consecrate themselves to His service. Opinion in Methodist circles is much divided as to the new method, but if it will reach some whom other methods repel, surely we may bid them God-speed in the spirit of St. Paul, who became all things to all men if by any means he might save some.

AN UNEXPECTED RESULT OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

Notwithstanding the vast sums of money demanded by the war precipitated by the Boers, over a million dollars a day, and the generous outpouring of aid for the wounded and the families of the slain, yet generous help has also been given to starving India. The Mansion House fund has been liberally supported, and generous gifts from the United States and Canada are also being sent to the famine region. We think the Canadian Government, with the largest surplus revenue it ever had in its history, could well afford to make a grant in aid of our famine-smitten fellow-subjects in India.

It is gratifying to know that out of this great evil God is bringing good. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions report that "none of the eighty-six years of mission work in Hindustan have witnessed such progress as have the last three—and this despite famine and plague of unprecedented severity. These disasters have served to break down yet further the walls of caste and prejudice, have shown the folly of idolatry, and have furnished practical lessons of Christian truth and charity. Scattered by the pestilence, the Christians, marvellously protected from the disease, have gone everywhere preaching the Word. Never have there been so many listeners; never so many converts."

PROHIBITION IN MANITOBA.

It seems likely that the Province of Manitoba will have the honour of showing the Dominion how the prohibition of the drink traffic may be accomplished. Repeated votes in Manitoba have been overwhelmingly in favour of Prohibition. In no part of the Dominion could the experiment be tried with better promise of success. The best blood and brain and brawn of the older colonies have gone to Manitoba. For a long time the Province was virtually under Prohibition. We hope that the Prairie Province will have an opportunity of showing the rest of the Dominion how to suppress the pernicious traffic which is the greatest enemy of our country.

MR. J. W. FLAVELLE'S TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP.

The generous endowment by Mr. J. W. Flavelle of a travelling scholarship for Toronto University is the precursor, we hope, of other similar donations to this institution. McGill University at Montreal has been largely built up by the munificent gifts of public-spirited citizens. Toronto University has received little from such sources. Mr. Flavelle's purpose is to elevate the public life of Canada by giving the broadest culture that the old historic university of Oxford can bestow to the most brilliant graduates of our provincial institution. God's noblest gift to a nation is its highly gifted sons; it is wise to qualify them to the utmost for the greatest possible usefulness.

We are glad to learn that our old friend, Rev. Dr. Antliff, takes the place of Acting Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, in the place of the retiring principal, the Rev. Dr. W. I. Shaw. We wish Dr. Antliff great success in the administration of the important interests of the college.

DR. HILLIS' RESIGNATION.

The violent and sensational language of Dr. Hillis in resigning his ministerial standing in the Presbyterian Church, which he had enjoyed for so many years, does not in our judgment reflect much credit on the man, or his good taste or judgment. He does not boast any access of light on the subject. He had all the knowledge years ago that he has now. Godly men, the very salt of the earth, the men who braved both death and danger in the Moss Hags in the Killing

Time, are not men to be sneered at. The great Presbyterian Church, the daughter of the Reformation and bulwark of Protestantism in many lands, has a record of which any church might be proud. Men as conscientious as Dr. Hillis, of much greater learning and of not less intellectual acumen, are enabled to give an interpretation of their creed which makes it tenable to them. The *Cumberland Presbyterian*, representing the most conservative wing of the Presbyterian Church, makes this remark: "Heretical as Dr. Hillis probably is on some other doctrines of our common faith, he has not only spoken the truth about the awful doctrines of reprobation, but he is in accord with a vast majority of the members and ministers of the Presbyterian Church." It is less creed and more Christ that all the churches need. Neither the doctrine of reprobation nor the Athanasian Creed nor the Thirty-nine Articles are necessary to salvation; but the simple truths which our Lord declared to Nicodemus, and the simple trust of the thief on the cross.

A NEW PROTESTANTISM.

Le Chretien Francais, the organ of a group of priests and ex-priests, recently published a large number of letters in which the demitting priests have notified their ecclesiastical superiors (usually bishops) of their intentions to withdraw from the priesthood. In their words, says the *Outlook*, is the ring of the Reformation of the sixteenth century and of the sermons of the apostles in the first century.

UR OF THE CHALDEES.

American explorers are accomplishing important results in the excavation of Ur of the Chaldees, mentioned in the earliest chapters of the Bible, the home of Abraham and Sarah, and even then a great city. The *Outlook* says: "The present appearance of Ur is that of three stories of an ancient temple rising seventy feet above the plain; surrounding the temple is a group of mounds half a mile in diameter."

THE REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER.

Dr. Beecher was, we believe, the last surviving son of the famous Lyman Beecher, who has given so many distinguished names to public life in the United States. He passed away on the 14th of March at his residence in Elmira, N.Y., in his seventy-seventh year. He

was the founder of perhaps the first institutional church in the country. It had a hospital, a gymnasium, visiting deaconesses, a restaurant, and a stage for Sunday-school exhibitions. "Under his ministry of thirty-six years," says the *Outlook*, "this church, weak and struggling when he accepted the pastorate, grew to be one of the strongest in the State, with a membership of seven hundred, and a thousand Sunday-school children. On the day of his death his half-sister, Mrs. Beecher Perkins, of Hartford, also passed away."

REV. THOMAS A. DORION.

This brother, well-known in Eastern Canada, died at his home in Manchester, N.H., March 30th, the result of a paralytic stroke, aged fifty-one years. He was born at St. Andrew's, P.Q., and came

of old Huguenot stock. He took a college course at Pointe-aux-Trembles. After labouring for several years in the Montreal Conference, he joined the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and began missionary work among his French-Canadian countrymen in New England. He was a voluminous writer and, when taken with his last illness, was engaged upon a work of several volumes—a cyclopædia of religious knowledge. "During the last decade," says *Zion's Herald*, "he published an average of half a million pages of tracts a year." "He was," adds the *Herald*, "a courteous Christian gentleman, and received, as he deserved, the hearty support of the ministers of his Conference." He leaves a wife, one son, Rev. E. C. E. Dorion, of Ashland, N.H., and five daughters.

Book Notices.

How England Saved Europe. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D. Vol. II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Vols. III. and IV.; pp. vi-326 and vi-419. Price, \$2.00 per volume.

We had the pleasure of reviewing, with high approval, the first volume of this stirring story. It is a noble epic of empire of accumulative interest. The most dramatic episode is the story of the battle of Trafalgar, which, more than any other, save the defeat of the Armada, made Britain "mistress of the seas." The strategic genius, the heroic valour, the high sense of duty of the frail, one-armed, one-eyed Nelson make him forever the darling of the British nation.

It is difficult for us to conceive, even with the help of Mr. Stead's vaticination of the tricolour floating over the Tower of London, the terror created by the threatened invasion of Britain by the French.

The whispered name of the bogey Napoleon used to terrify the children in the dark. Every preparation was made for flight from the seaside towns. "Let us be masters," said Napoleon, "of the Straits for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world." For nearly two years and a half Cornwallis blockaded Cadiz through all weathers and all seasons. Nelson had a stormy post off

Toulon for twenty-one months, vainly tempting the French fleet to come out of the harbour. "These far-distant, storm-beaten ships," says Mahan, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world." Collingwood, with four ships, blockaded nearly forty at Cadiz.

Dr. Fitchett thus describes Nelson's death at Trafalgar: "'God be praised,' said Nelson, as he lay in the cockpit shot through the spine, 'God be praised, I have done my duty.' As he issued orders for the fight, Hardy said that Collingwood would take charge of affairs. 'Not while I live, I hope, Hardy,' said the dying man.

"Then came that touch of human feeling that since has made many eyes then unborn grow moist with its pathos. 'Kiss me, Hardy.' Hardy knelt down and kissed his admiral's cheek. 'Now I am satisfied,' said Nelson; 'thank God, I have done my duty!' Hardy had risen, and stood struggling to keep back his tears as he looked at Nelson. Then he knelt down again and kissed the dying man's forehead. The swoon of coming death was already creeping through Nelson's brain, but he asked, 'Who is that?' 'It is Hardy,' was the answer. 'God bless you, Hardy,' was the whispered reply.

"The battle of Trafalgar was fought and won in the cells of Nelson's brain before it was fought on the tossing floor of the Atlantic. A homely figure, slender, stooping, boyish still in spite of the scars of so many battles—with the careless hair lying low on his brow; mutilated, semi-blind; clad in threadbare and weather-stained uniform, with four tarnished and lack-lustre stars stitched on the left breast. And yet in the most heroic hour of English history this is the most heroic figure."

The hero of Vol. III. is the great antagonist of Napoleon on land, as Nelson was by sea. The eventful campaign in the Peninsula, which has given us those imperishable names—Corunna, Talavera, Torres Vedras, Badajos and Salamanca—is recorded in a series of brilliant chapters.

The fourth volume will describe the last act of this world-drama, the smashing of the power of Napoleon at Waterloo, and the deliverance of Europe from the arch-despot, who like a nightmare had haunted it.

Special interest and importance is given to Dr. Fitchett's volumes by the numerous and authentic portraits of the chief actors in this world-drama, and the accurate maps and diagrams of its strategic scenes.

Mechanical Draft. A Practical Treatise.

Edited by WALTER B. SNOW, of the Engineering Staff of the B. F. Sturtevant Co. B. F. Sturtevant Co., Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Our readers will have observed that we give special prominence in this magazine to the subject of Popular Science, and the latest features of scientific progress, invention, and discovery. The book under notice is of a more technical character than most which we review, but is worthy of special notice as the amplest and best treatment that we know on a subject of special importance to scientific readers.

In few directions has the progress of the nineteenth century been more marked than in the growing efficiency of steam-actuated machinery. To get the most steam possible out of coal is the mechanical problem of the times. To this end the rapid combination with oxygen is sought, hence the importance of supplying large volumes of air to facilitate combustion. Every pound of carbon requires for its consumption $2\frac{3}{4}$ pounds of oxygen. It requires 11.3 pounds of air to furnish

this, hence the need of supplying an enormous volume of air.

Sometimes an excess of air causes loss by reducing the temperature. To avoid this the air is often heated by the flue gases and thus its efficiency is increased.

It is to secure strong draft that enormous chimneys are erected, the general formula being that "doubling the height doubles the draft." But often, as in steamships, it is impossible to secure efficient draft in this way, hence mechanical appliances are used, as steam jets, rotary fans, and the like. It is calculated that from thirty to forty per cent. increase of steam power can be procured by mechanical over natural draft for continuous working. Forced draft also enables inferior fuel to be used, and sometimes, when under certain conditions of weather it would be impossible to maintain steam with natural draft, the normal power may with forced draft be insured. The artificial draft, too, can be regulated, as that of a chimney cannot.

The enormously tall and costly chimneys in Glasgow in chemical factories are employed chiefly to get rid of noxious gases which are generated. Moreover, the rotary fan is usually portable, while the tall chimney is as fixed as a mountain. One has only to stand in front of a big rotary fan to appreciate the enormous draft, like a small hurricane, which is thus created. The largest rotary fans we have seen are those employed for renewing the air in coal mines.

Sometimes the chimney may be with advantage omitted altogether, indeed, in some cases has to be, as in the case of torpedo and some other small boats. A decreased size of boiler is also possible, and from a humanitarian point of view the greater comfort of the stokers who feed the furnaces of our great steamships secured by forced draft is of very great importance. To this may be added the benefit of preventing smoke and the utilization of the waste heat of gases. Equal efficiency can be secured with smaller boilers. This is a consideration of great importance amid the contracted space limits on shipboard.

This handsome octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages, with over a hundred illustrations, is the most complete and exhaustive treatment of the subject that we know.

The Latin Hymns in the Wesleyan Hymn-Book. Studies in Hymnology. By

FREDERIC W. MACDONALD. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The indebtedness of the Christian Church to Latin Christianity is not adequately realized. In no respect is this more true than of our indebtedness to its glorious hymnology. The President of the Wesleyan Conference has rendered an admirable service to Methodist people everywhere by this beautiful volume on the Latin hymns from which the Church for ages has derived such religious inspiration. The first and noblest of these, which he analyzes and describes, and whose history as far as possible he relates, is the sublime "Te Deum." The noble hymns attributed to Charlemagne and King Robert of France, "Creator, Spirit, by Whose Aid," and "Come Holy Spirit," bear witness of the flame of devotion that glowed even amid the darkness of Middle Ages. The favourite mediæval hymns are unquestionably those of the pious monk, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who died 1153. The hymns, "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," "Brief Life is Here Our Portion," and "Jerusalem the Golden," are the heritage of the Church universal. Of "Jerusalem the Golden" Mr. Macdonald says: "The heavenly home-sickness, as it has well been called, here finds expression not to be surpassed in Christian song. It is home-sickness, not morbid or melancholy, but at once childlike in its simplicity, and manly in its ardour, its elevation, its exulting anticipations of noble joys and glorious companionship." The sublimest of these mediæval hymns is unquestionably the famous "Dies Irae." It has made the obscure monk of the thirteenth century a prophet and a psalmist for all time. Dr. Johnson could never read the words "Quærens me sedisti lassus" without tears.

"We set the prayer of Thomas of Celano," says our author, "side by side with that of Toplady, the thirteenth century with the eighteenth, the Latin with the English, and there is no difference."

"Preces meæ non sunt dignæ."

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling."

Christ Came Again. By WILLIAM S. URMY, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

This book discusses the second coming of our Lord, not as a future event, but as

one which did occur about thirty-seven years after our Lord's ascension, namely, at the fall of Jerusalem. This theory is supported by arguments on the expectation of the apostles, upon the teachings of our Lord, and from the Apocalypse of St. John. It presents, the author affirms, an eschatology consistent itself with the Scripture and furnishes satisfactory adjustment of the great doctrines of the Resurrection, the Judgment, the Millennium, and a complete refutation of the errors of the Adventists and Millennialists. The argument is very ingenious, but, to our mind, not conclusive.

The Soul of Man: An Investigation of the Facts of Physiological and Experimental Psychology. By DR. PAUL CARUS. Second edition. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, paper, 75c. Pp. xviii-482.

Dr. Carus is an original investigator and philosophical writer of distinguished reputation. In this volume he addresses himself to some of the most important problems of psychology and philosophy. "The present book," he says, "purports to be a systematic presentation of the facts of psychology in their relations both to physiology and religion and ethics." There is no other book in the language, he affirms, in which the facts of the various branches of science are gathered and presented in this connection. The book traces with much minuteness the development of organized life and especially of the organ of mental activity, the brain and nervous system, from the lowest radiates to the highest vertebrates. It investigates the problems of mental psychology, and in a final chapter discusses the ethical and religious aspects of soul life. It is admirably illustrated by nearly two hundred physiological diagrams and engravings.

Kant and Spencer. By DR. PAUL CARUS. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

This booklet is a reprint from "The Open Court" in which the articles composing it first appeared. In the first—"The Ethics of Kant"—Dr. Carus easily and clearly convicts Spencer of very imperfectly understanding, and very erroneously representing, Kant's ethical theory, and this always with the advantage, as we think, decidedly in favour of Kant's view. We doubt if a loftier ethical system than Kant's has ever been

conceived. One certainly does not find it in Spencer's theory.

The second article is entitled "Kant on Evolution." Here, again, in Spencer's own chosen field, not only was he anticipated by Kant, but also, on the most crucial points relative to the theory, the latter's views "agree better with the present state of scientific investigation than does Mr. Spencer's philosophy." Spencer's theory of evolution was adopted from Van Baer's "Developmental History of Animals," published in 1828, but Kant had then been dead a quarter of a century, and his adoption of the theory—not even then a novelty—and his support of it had been published before his death.

Spencer's "Agnosticism," the title of the third paper, is but "a popularization of Kant's view that things in themselves are unknowable." It is astonishing that Spencer, who owes so much to Kant, but apparently without realizing his indebtedness, and who so imperfectly understands him, should seek to become one of his critics and detractors. In the discussion Dr. Carus has done the cause of truth good service. E. I. B.

The Development of Doctrine in the Early Church. By JOHN S. BANKS, author of "Manual of Christian Doctrine," "Scripture and Its Witnesses." London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

We have had occasion to strongly commend Mr. Banks' previous volume on "Scripture and Its Witnesses." This is a scholarly volume giving the early controversies and errors against which the early Christian Apologists contended. These were partly of Jewish and partly of heathen origin; the former had little influence, the latter had much. It was a time of intense mental activity. The Gnostic, Arian, and other heresies had then wide sway and called forth the great works of Irenæus, Tertullian, Cyprian, Origen and St. Augustine. We know not where so admirable a study of the period in so concise form may be found as in Mr. Banks' volume.

Doxie Dent: A Clog-Shop Chronicle. By JOHN ACKWORTH, author of "Beckside Lights," "Clog-Shop Chronicles," etc. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Ackworth's previous books have been chiefly short sketches of Methodist

life. This is, we believe, his first attempt at a serial story. It has found many deeply interested readers on both sides of the sea. Its delineation of British Methodism, of life among the lowly, of the transforming power of divine grace, of the humour and pathos of its quaint characters, is an evidence of the keen perception and vivid description of its writer. Mr. Tresider's numerous and clever illustrations add much to the interest of the volume.

The Backblocks' Parson: A Story of Australian Life. By TOM BLUEGUM. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

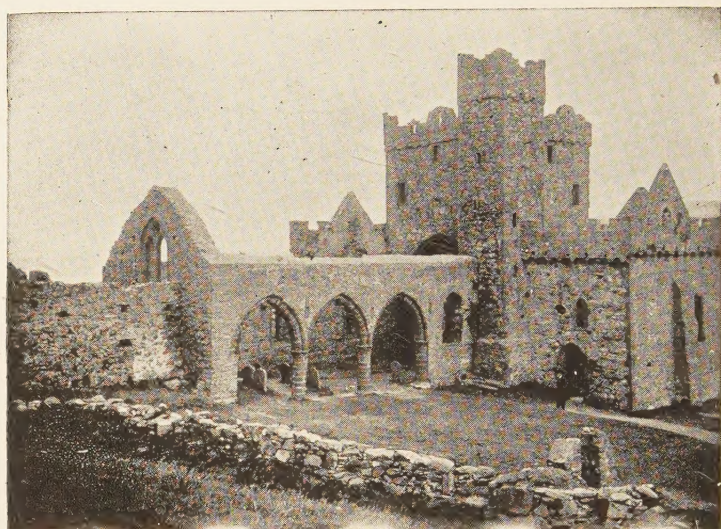
This book is in its way an evidence of the new Imperialism that is binding the ends of the earth together. History has not yet done justice to the unifying force of Methodism in carrying the religious principles and civil institutions of the Motherland to the remotest dependencies. This is shown alike throughout the Canadian Dominion, the Australasian and South African colonies. The moral heroism of the diminutive Methodist preacher in the presence of death at the hands of a vengeful ruffian is a thrilling episode.

Glorious Gospel Triumphs as Seen in My Life and Work in Fiji and Australasia. By JOHN WATSFORD. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Some of the greatest achievements of Methodism in the field of missions have been won in the islands of Fiji. The memories of John Hunt, James Calvert and John Watsford are still "as ointment poured forth" in the far antipodes. Much of Watsford's life was spent also in Australia and Tasmania in building up the Greater Britain of those southern seas. This book derives its chief interest from its naïve and simple presentation of the achievements of Christianity among the primitive people among whom this author was called to labour.

Walking With God: Thoughts on the Assurance of Salvation. By JOHN HALDANE, author of "Is the Sabbath Binding on the Christian Conscience?" Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25c.

This is a well-written and neatly printed booklet on an important truth, once regarded as the special deposit of Methodism, but now accepted in all the Churches.



PEEL CATHEDRAL, ISLE OF MAN.



PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.